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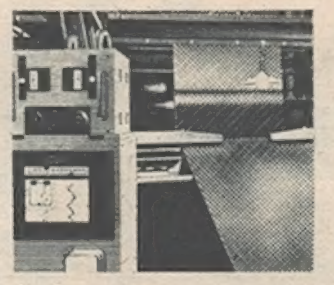

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CHANCERY 3344 OCTOBER 12, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2676

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

John Maudson has taken to British country life

FOR the illustration for *Face Of Death* on page 25, artist John Maudson could call on his own knowledge of New Guinea. He was there with the Australian Army during the war, shortly after the Japanese had been cleared out. Maudson, an Australian, was a warrant officer engaged in survey work, mainly map-making for the artillery. As a technical soldier, he did not believe in much spit and polish. "I reckon I was about the kindest sergeant-major the army had," he says.

Maudson, who is thirty-nine and six feet tall, brought his wife and three children to England last year. It was a visit eighteen years overdue. The war disrupted his plans to come over in 1939, and last year there was another delay; his ship got stuck in the Suez Canal.

He and his family live deep in the Chilterns, in a timbered house built partly in the sixteenth century. "Queen Elizabeth didn't sleep here, as far as I know, but I'm told that Yvonne de Carlo, the film star, did once, while on location."

As an artist, Maudson loves the English landscape, and country life appeals to him, too. He is fascinated by ecclesiastical architecture and has taken several hundred photographs of English churches. His main sporting interest is golf, which he plays regularly. "Your golf courses have a lot more woodland about them than those in Australia," he says. "But it has cost me golf balls by the dozen to find that out."

HARRY HOPKINS first got the idea for his article, *A Bustling Future For Our Canals* (page 9) when he boarded one of the traditional narrow boats recently and travelled across the maze of small canals between Birmingham and Wolverhampton. "But that wasn't my first canal trip," he says. "I can just remember, forty years ago, being taken on a church beanfeast along the old Lancaster Canal which runs to Kendall from my home town of Preston. We sat on planks laid across the barge and were towed through the countryside by a horse."

Passenger barges once covered the fifty-seven miles between Preston and Kendal in fourteen hours, but an express boat introduced in 1833 to meet competition from stage coaches cut this time to seven and a quarter hours. "One of the handbills advertising the passenger service was most eloquent," says Hopkins. "It read: 'The timid might be at ease and the most delicate mind without fear.'"

Hopkins regrets the passing of the old leisurely days as much as anybody, though he has little time for romantic fanatics who want to keep hundreds of uneconomic canals going at all costs.

"But anyone rash enough to state an opinion about canals these days has to be ready to duck. He is liable to be bowled over by a burst of statistics fired at the British Transport Commission by the crusading band of canal revivalists."

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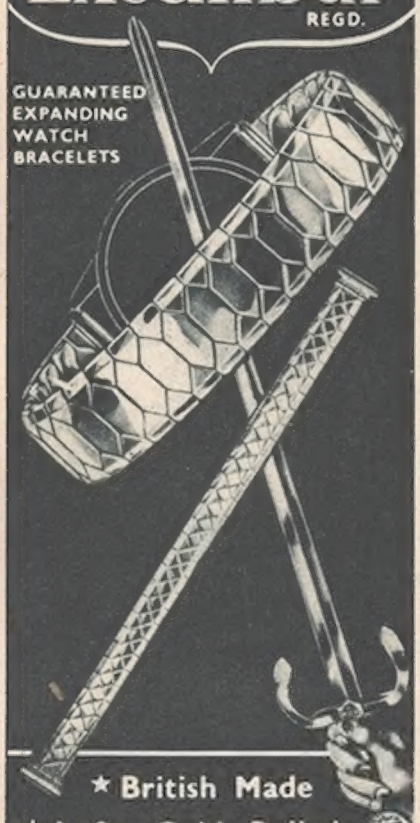

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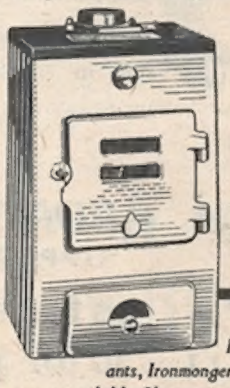

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Free Speech

- **Disloyal staff saved his business**
- **Does that lamb taste like mutton?**
- **New machine for the threepenny post**

A MAN who came to me for a job the other day said that he had been with his last firm for fifteen years. That was enough for me; I turned him down.

Once my entire staff consisted of men who were prepared to stay with me for a lifetime. I never had staff problems—and I never looked like making money.

Then I started to employ drifters, the men who are intelligent enough to get bored with humdrum routine—and do something about it. Ideas for reorganization and expansion come pouring in from my new staff and even the old-stagers found their vitality infectious.

I'm not employing any more plodders who will accept the same old routine year after year. The "disloyal" men who have worked for me for just a year or so and then moved on to some new challenge have put my business on its feet.—G. V., Derbyshire.

Out Of Joint

When my wife bought a joint the other day she was told that it was lamb, and was asked to pay the price of lamb. But knowing something about the meat trade myself, I would have said that it was mutton.

I have since noticed that out of all the butchers' shops I look into, not one displays mutton—but they all have lamb on show. What's so wrong with mutton that butchers can't admit that it even exists?—H. SAVILLE, Hopton Lane, Mirfield, Yorks.

"Many butchers' shops do not display mutton, only because there is not much demand for it," says a meat trade official. "And there is no definition laid down at all about when a sheep's meat goes from lamb to mutton. The age and weight at which the butcher judges the meat to have become mutton varies considerably between different breeds of sheep."

Above The Belt

Why is it "not done" for a man to show his braces? There must be millions like me who hate wearing trousers nipped in at the waist, or

badly supported by a belt. But we are afraid of looking out of place and have to cover our braces with a jacket.

Good modern advertising could put braces back where they belong—on the shoulders of men who like an easy waistline.—A. W. JAMES, Broughton Street, Edinburgh, 1.

Efficiency Abroad

After three years in Western Germany my picture of it differs from A. Lumsden's ("Free Speech," September 14).

I have my laundry collected on Monday and returned next day, and the street outside my house is swept twice a week. Once I ordered a dress pattern on Wednesday and received it in Friday morning's post.

On another occasion I was told that a train which I was waiting for was delayed by a breakdown, but if the driver made up the time he would get a bonus.—MRS. M. ADAMS, Fasanen Strasse, Hamm, Germany.

Life In A Cellar

We have just moved from the London suburbs to a beautiful modern house. But how I miss the old cellar!

In it we used to leave the food to keep fresh, store beer, stack firewood, pile up coal, develop films, hang

washing, sit reading on hot days and store all the things which we must now discard. — A. YORKE, Thorpe Bay, Essex.

No Stamps Here...

On eight different occasions in the past month I have received receipted bills from small traders for amounts of between £2 and £26, all without the necessary stamps. Surely this is stealing?—M. O., Lancashire.

"By not fixing stamps to receipts, traders are depriving the revenue of duty and are liable to prosecution," says a lawyer. "The maximum fine is £10. But the responsibility for seeing that the stamps are affixed rests with the person receiving the receipt, and if he accepts an unstamped receipt he could, in theory, be prosecuted for aiding and abetting."

...Too Many Stamps

Why can't the Post Office now install stamp machines which issue threepenny stamps? In the district where I live the only way that you can buy stamps when the Post Office is closed is from a machine which issues halfpenny ones—which means that you have to stick six stamps on one envelope.—ARTHUR LAYCOCK, Dewsbury, Yorks.

"There are 20,000 machines selling halfpenny, penny and twopenny stamps in this country," says the G.P.O. "We are now experimenting with a prototype threepenny stamp machine, but no firm decision has yet been made about it."

Water On A Jet

Watching supersonic aircraft like the English Electric P1 and the Hunter at Farnborough air show last month, my two sons and I were puzzled by a strange glow which flashed on and off along the wings and over the dome where the pilot sits.

Appearing usually only on planes travelling fast at low level, it seemed to persist on one aircraft as far as the eye could follow the plane.—HENRY HEATH, Hamilton Road, Reading.

"This is water vapour being produced by changes in air pressure caused by the rapid path of the plane through the air," says an official of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. "It is usually visible to the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Tingling-fresh

S.R. has new exciting taste

Only SR tells you it's doing you good. Every time you brush your teeth and gums with Gibbs SR you'll feel the healthful tingle that *tells* you SR's Sodium Ricinoleate is caring for your *whole mouth*.

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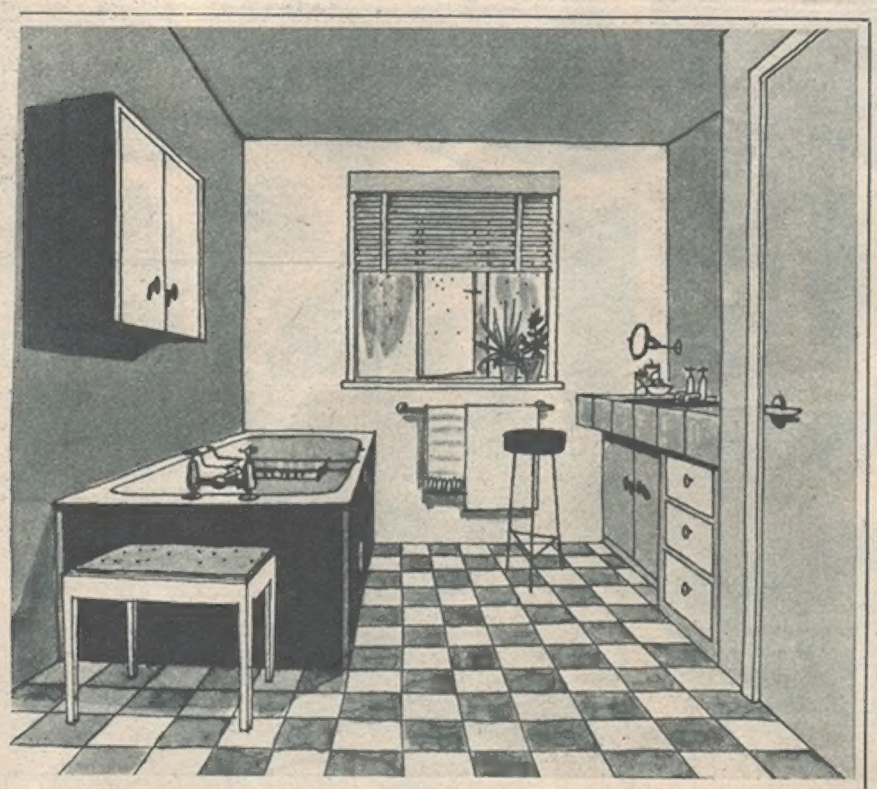

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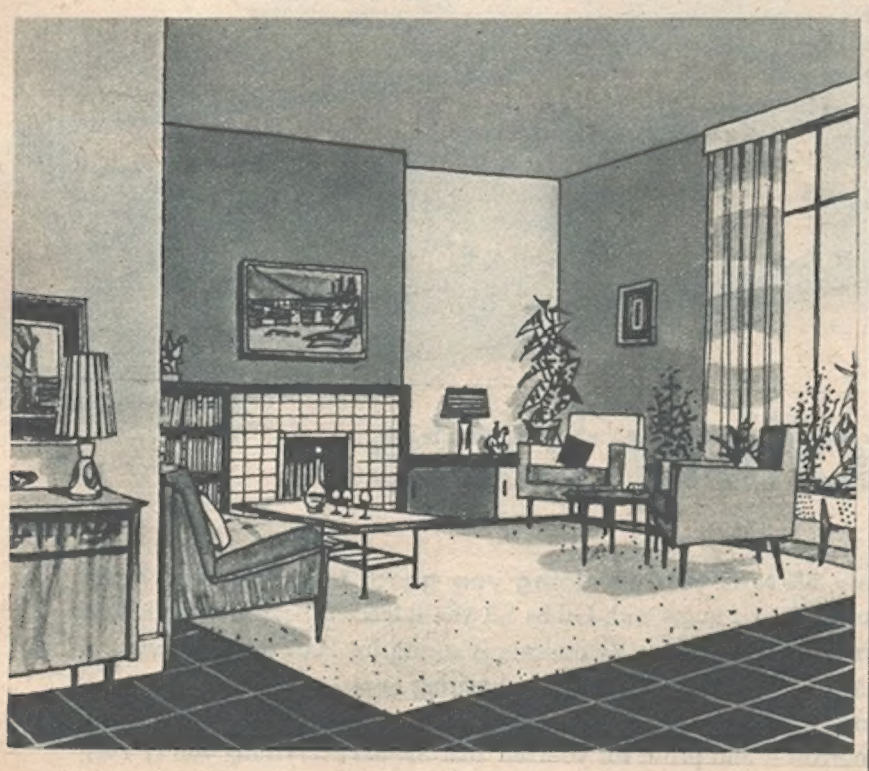

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

naked eye only on damp days, and is similar to the vapour trails which can be seen at high altitudes and which persist much longer."

Travels Of Toqui

Mrs. Jean Clarke is not the only woman in Britain who exports dogs ("Dogs On The Dollar Trail," JOHN BULL, September 7). For the past three years I have been shipping dogs to all parts of the world.

This year I have already shipped more than two hundred dogs. In July, I exported Rothara the Racketeer, a £1,000 white miniature poodle, to America, and in eight weeks he became an American champion.

The day after I saw "Racky" off, I shipped a mongrel called Toqui to Jamaica on behalf of a West Indian on holiday in Britain. The West Indian had found Toqui in the street, taken him to Battersea Dogs' Home and, when he was unclaimed, paid 7s. 6d. to buy him out.—MARGOT ROY, Barn Hill, Wembley Park, Middlesex.

Old Milk Bar

There is nothing new in the idea which is just coming back into vogue of buying milk from a machine when the dairies are closed.

When I lived in Southend more than twenty years ago a local dairy had a milk machine fixed to the wall outside the shop. You put a penny in

a slot, pulled down a lever and milk flowed out from a tap into a jug which you held.—MRS. A. BIRCH, York Road, Ipswich.

Sporting Snobs

It used to sadden me that I could never persuade my wife to come with me to sports meetings. Now I am glad, because I have yet to meet a woman spectator who watches a game solely to enjoy it.

Few women are capable of understanding cricket—and I doubt whether any all-women team would willingly declare to give the other side the chance of a sporting win. It is all too clear from the reactions of the few women who go to boxing matches that they are there to see blood, not science. And most of them get excited at Rugby matches only when someone is getting hurt.

The emotional attitudes of women to sport are always coarser than most men's. And the only other thing that gets them to sports meetings is the snob value of a Wimbledon or a Henley and the attendant dress parades.—O. L., Surbiton, Surrey.

Tough For Boys

When will we realize that ours is not a temperate climate, and dress our children accordingly?

Small boys go through winter with sore, chapped knees, rubbed and chafed by the ridiculous short trousers on which schools insist, and with their legs exposed to the weather by socks which invariably fall down to their ankles.

They would, of course, look far neater and feel warmer in long corduroys, but perhaps this is just part of our British system of "making men of 'em." As a mother I think it is time that the schools had the sense to allow us to dress our sons according to the weather.—MRS. JANE KNIGHT, Estcourt Road, South Norwood, London, S.E.25.

Eating By Numbers

To save time when ordering meals in restaurants why not number each item on the menu and supply the customers with pencils and pads? Diners could then write down the numbers of the dishes they want and hand in their orders to the waiter, who would not need to carry long lists of dishes in his memory.—W. H., Co. Durham.

Chain Riddle

In his article "The Battle To Soothe Your Travel" (JOHN BULL, August 24), Keith Ellis states that the car-sickness "cure" effected by a chain suspended from a car is purely psychological.

When I suspended a chain from my car, my two-year-old daughter was able to travel in comfort. But on holiday recently she began to have car sickness again. Next day I found that the chain had swung round the car's bumper and that it was too far from the ground to provide an earth. I released it—and my daughter's car sickness immediately stopped.

Psychological? Not at two years of age!—G. DAVIES, New House, Defford, Worcester.

"Because a car is insulated by four rubber tyres it must possess an appreciable electric charge," says a doctor. "The fact that some children are cured of sickness by earthing the car with a chain suggests that an electric charge is responsible for their symptoms."

But another doctor adds: "It is difficult to find a scientific basis for the use of a chain to prevent car sickness. Its psychological effect, however, may be great."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

JOHN, Richard, James, David, Christopher. . . . One, at least, of the five most popular boys' names may well be heard again at this church font. But whatever Phillips (his name, Edwin, is way down the list) chooses to call his cover baby, the youngster is certainly the big name in his little circle today. A grand welcome, indeed, to the new boy from all the family—with proud smiles, and afterwards clicking cameras and, perhaps, clinking glasses. And it's ten-to-one that the little hero will snooze quietly through the whole performance.

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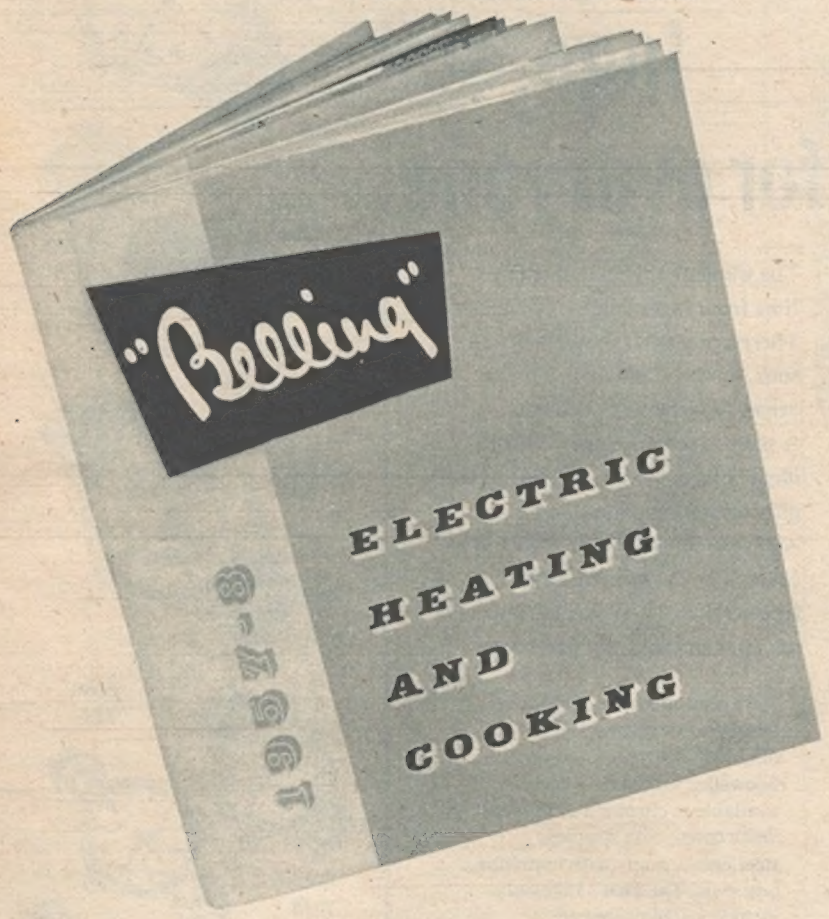

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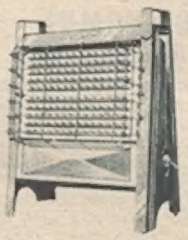

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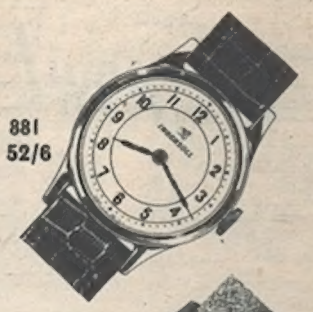

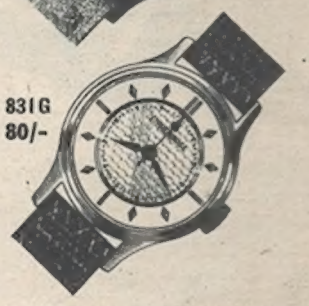

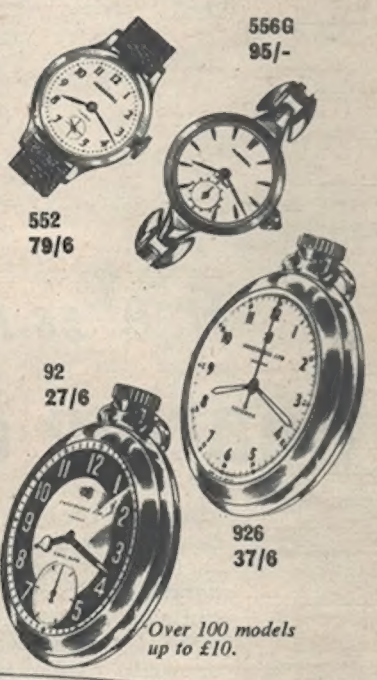

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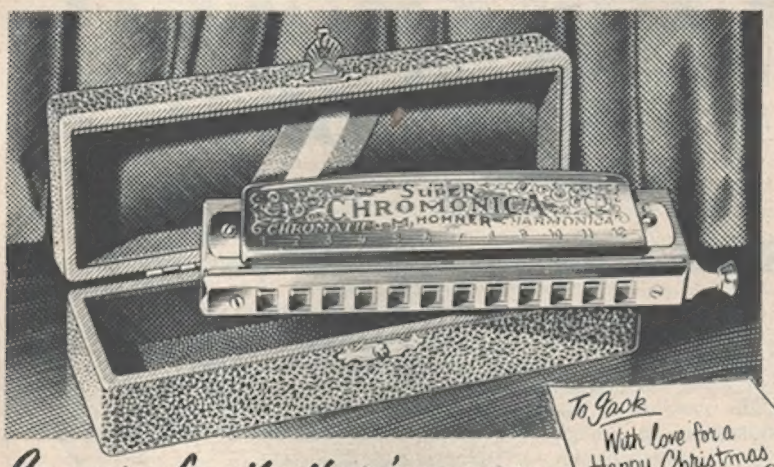

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For fifty years Britain's quiet waterways were a national problem. Now money and brains are being poured into them, to promise . . .

A BUSTLING FUTURE FOR OUR CANALS

by HARRY HOPKINS

A LITTLE below the foot of Briggate, one of the principal shopping streets of Leeds, the diesel-barge Thames lay at a wharf discharging her cargo—150 tons of dry wood pulp consigned to a West Riding paper mill.

It was ten o'clock in the morning. At 5 p.m. the day before, the Thames had been tied up in Hull docks alongside the Swedish ship Brofjord while the brown packages of wood pulp came swinging down over the side on the ship's derricks.

As dusk fell, the Thames—her hold battened down against bad weather ("We've had some rum do's in the Humber," says her skipper, Robert Chapman)—was out of the docks and chugging down the buoy-marked channel in the wastes of the three-mile-wide river. Below in the cabin, the young engineer, Charlie Mayfield, was warming up the stew. Up on deck, Harry Bogg, the mate, kept watch as the barge ploughed on down the winding river, past the familiar landmarks, past the mouth

A diesel-powered tanker leaves the new lock at Newark. The old "narrow boats" are dying out

Charlie Mayfield pours tea for Robert Chapman, skipper of the diesel-barge Thames. On long trips they live aboard

of the Trent, into the Lower Ouse, past Goole Docks with its waiting colliers, past the New Junction Canal which leads into the Sheffield and South Yorkshire, and so on into the busy Aire-and-Calder Navigation.

And now, next morning, here the Thames was, bright in her blue-and-yellow British Waterways livery, the cold winds off the sea exchanged for the smoke of the West Riding, discharging her Scandinavian cargo in the heart of the city of Leeds.

"And they tell you that canals are slow," exclaimed Chapman with a grin.

A quiet little man with large round spectacles, he bore little resemblance to the traditional notion of a bargee. Yet his family have worked on the canals for three generations and have seen them fall upon evil days. As first the railways, then road transport, with its ubiquitous tipping lorries, developed, more and more traffic deserted the canals. From 40 million tons of cargo carried before 1914, tonnage fell to 16 million in 1924, to 14 million in 1929, and to ten million after the war. More and more of the old carrying firms abandoned what seemed to be a dying trade or went into liquidation. Weeds grew across the waters, locks mouldered, banks broke down, silt and tin cans piled up on the canal bottom.

Losses mounted. For fifty years now, the canals—an intricate system which played a proud part in building Britain's industrial greatness—have been the problem child of British transport.

Only now, in the fifties, is a fresh breeze beginning to ruffle these stagnant waters. In 1956, a £5,500,000 modernization plan was set on foot, realistically designed to rationalize the inland waterways and fit them into their place in Britain's complex national transport system.

A mobile crane—they are now becoming standard equipment at British Waterways' depots—lifts the wood pulp out of the Thames's hold and on to one of the waiting trailers. "As you can see, we're after the bulk cargoes—we're not parcel carriers," says the manager of the North Eastern Division, Trevor Thornton. And the bulk cargoes are certainly there: jute from Pakistan like locks of flaxen hair, for the carpet factories of Halifax; sulphur from Immingham dock for chemical plants; rolls of Finnish newsprint for Yorkshire newspapers; wool from London docks and Australia, for Bradford: all the mountains of raw material needed to sustain the great British workshop, flowing in from the ports through the pipelines of the canals to the industrial heart of the North.

A few minutes before Skipper Chapman, steering down the Aire-and-Calder Navigation, reaches this old wharf in the centre of Leeds, the Thames passes a point on the bank which, for some months now, he and his crew have been watching with mounting interest. A great deal of constructional work is in progress. A vast modern concrete warehouse, 160 yards long, is almost finished. Beside it, a long bay is being dug out of the canal, a lay-by which will take seven barges. THE NEW INLAND PORT OF LEEDS, boldly proclaims a blue-and-yellow British Waterways hoarding.

The new warehouse, all on one floor to facilitate rapid movement of goods by fork-lifters and other modern equipment, will supersede five or six ancient buildings scattered about Leeds.

Around it a twenty-seven-acre industrial estate is growing. Here British Waterways will let factory sites to firms who can make good use of water transport. Much of the decline of the canals can be traced to industries, originally built alongside them, leaving their banks. Now a twentieth century pattern is being established to bring industry back again.

In fact, for bulk cargoes from the ports to such inland waterheads as Leeds, Wakefield or Nottingham, the canals can—and do—offer cheaper rates than any other form of transport. There are large savings to be made in loading over ships' sides at the ports instead of using costly quayside facilities. This meant that last year the North-Eastern waterways carried around four million tons—half a million up on the previous year. Over Britain as a whole, canal traffic has risen by a third between 1948 and 1953—and the trend upwards continues.

In particular, oil tankers have been multiplying on the inland waterways as they have upon the oceans. Oil now makes up around one-fifth of all canal traffic—more than double the pre-war tonnage.

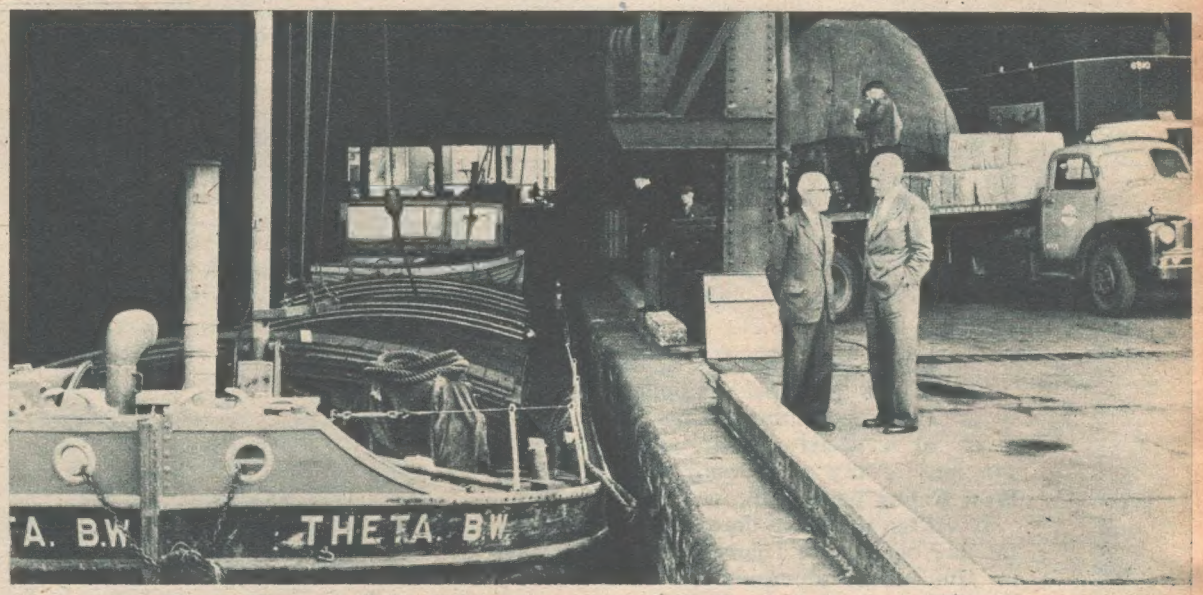
As Skipper Chapman on the Thames shuttles down the Aire-and-Calder he passes not only a stream of tankers but a succession of "puddings"—for seventy years a familiar sight on these canals.

"Tom Puddings" are coal "compartment boats"—an ingenious system by which one tug hauls behind it a train of deep square steel "pans," each carrying up to forty tons of coal, and flexibly coupled to the pans fore and aft.

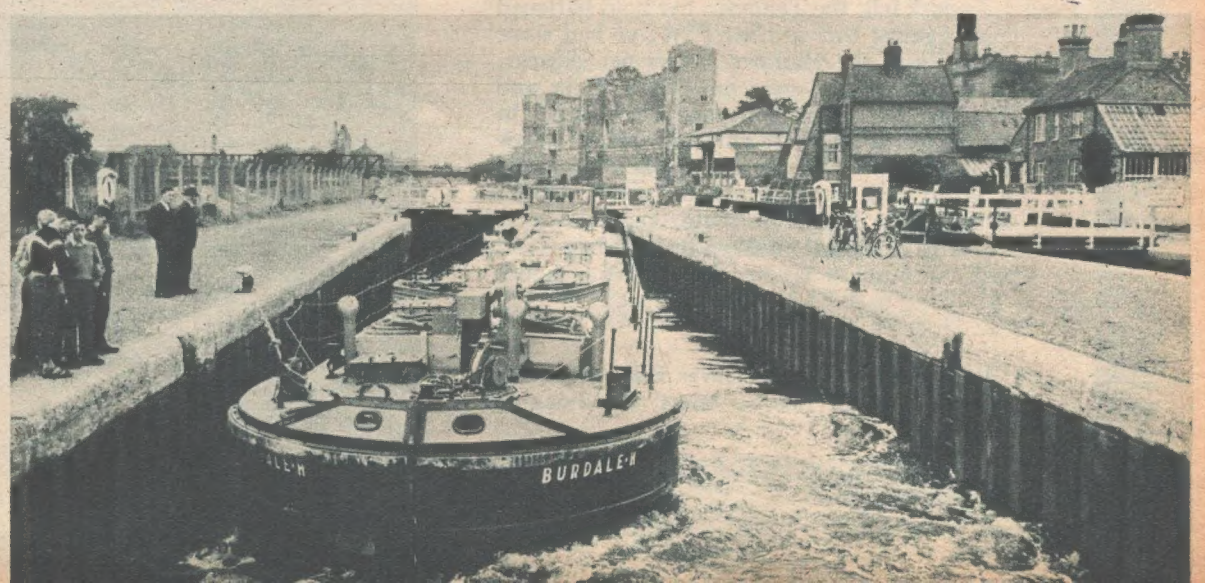
More of these "compartments" are on order, and the tugs are being dieselized for smoother working. Over Britain as a whole, more than half the canals' traffic is already coal.

"With small boats we cannot compete in price with the roads," says divisional manager Thornton. So on the Aire-and-Calder system the smaller vessels have been scrapped by British Waterways, and its fleet standardized on the basis of a carrying capacity of 150 tons. "It means," says Thornton, "that we can now do the same work with fourteen boats as we previously did with twenty-one—and with little or no extra operating costs."

If canal dimensions make it impossible to widen barges, they can sometimes be lengthened. On the Trent, the old standard boats running from Hull to Nottingham were eighty-two feet long. Now they are being cut in half and an extra twenty-eight feet inserted. But all these



Trevor Thornton (left), divisional manager at the Leeds depot, says: "Twenty-one small boats can't compete with road transport. Fourteen big ones can—and do"



Newark's new lock can handle four times the traffic of the old. It breaks up a traditional bottleneck on the River Trent

Towing nineteen "Tom Puddings," a tug can move seven hundred tons of coal: or as much as an average railway goods train

larger boats and increasing traffic call for much detailed engineering attention to the canals themselves, mostly constructed many years ago in the Horse Age. Skipper Chapman's brother Thomas works on bank maintenance; brother William works at Cromwell Lock on the Trent at the limit of tidal waters. And neither have seen such activity, such a stirring, on the canals for many a year.

Over Britain as a whole more than £3 million is being spent on bank protection and navigation works. Battered by the fierce washes of powered craft, collapsing stone banks must, over long lengths, be replaced by steel piling and concrete. Awkward corners are being smoothed out; rock outcrops removed; sections of canal widened; weirs reinforced. The Cromwell Weir, the first on the Trent, is being reconstructed at a cost of £250,000.

Another £1 million is going on breaking the bottlenecks made by small locks. At Newark the capacity of the lock has been quadrupled. And now this and other locks in the area are to be fitted for mechanical operation, saving time and sweat.

For the barge men on the Trent, en route from Hull to Nottingham, Newark is the traditional halfway house. Here they often tie up for the night; here a good many of them live. And now here, alongside British Waterways' modernized stores and repair shops a fine new covered dry dock has been constructed. Power craft go into dry dock every eight or nine months for routine stern gear and engine inspection; dumb (i.e. non-engined) boats go every two years.

Having unloaded his cargo of wood pulp in Leeds, Skipper Chapman and the Thames were bound for Hazelford on the Trent to pick up a load of river gravel from a Waterways dredger. On the Trent in particular the silting of channels is one of the most troublesome obstacles to economical working. Boats can get stuck at low tides during times of drought, and they can then be loaded to only 75 per cent capacity.

Such troubles are not quickly put right. For the ways of rivers are mysterious. Corrective action at one point can easily cause worse trouble at another. So protracted experiments in waterflow must precede diagnosis. At Torksey, on the Trent, an "experimental barrage" made up of four barges loaded with gravel and moored across the river was recently placed in position, and readings of water-depths at various points, of silting and bank erosion, taken to test the reaction of the river.

Beyond Nottingham to the south, Leeds or Wakefield to the west, most of this activity ceases. The canals go on: indeed they cross the country to the Severn and the Thames. But henceforward obstructions multiply. The lorry and trailer take over.

Here in this maze of narrow channels that run like veins over England's heart lies the hard core of the problem of the canals.

Theoretically, these narrow canals form what boatmen call "the Cross," linking Britain's four great ports and tidal estuaries, the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, the Humber. In fact, their chaotic variations, their antiquated locks, their small dimensions restricting them to seven-foot wide "narrow boats" proclaim that they belong to a bygone age.

To widen them—as was suggested by the Royal Commission of 1906—so as to provide economic through-routes for larger craft would now, it has been authoritatively estimated, cost at least £50 million. In 1906 there were 4,000 miles of inland waterways in use. By 1954, when a new Board of Survey was charged to consider the future of the canals, the mileage was down to not much over 2,000.

The Board divided canals into three categories. Group I, totalling 336 miles, consisted mainly of broad waterways running in from the ports. These, they said, were the waterways with a future. It was upon them that the Transport Commission should concentrate its development and modernization drive.

Group II—nearly a thousand miles of mainly narrow canals—they suggested should be maintained and kept going as well and as long as they could be. Two hundred narrow boats still make their four- or five-day trips between London and Birmingham, fifty more between Birmingham and the Mersey. Something like 100,000 tons a year of iron and steel, non-ferrous metals, timber from London Docks, transhipped from barges at Brentford, still move by canal up to the Midlands. The boats return loaded with Warwickshire coal for London.

Where cargoes are loaded over the side from ships, or move from one canal-side mine or factory to another, the narrow boats can still, precariously, hold their own with road transport. But if goods must be brought to the canal, they become hopelessly uneconomic.

The Board of Survey's third category of canals total 771 miles and are at present responsible for a loss of £200,000 a year. The Board recommended that they should be written off as commercial transport carriers.

Unfortunately for the Transport Commission, to get rid of a canal is a difficult and complicated business. For even when not used for navigation, many canals have important functions in water-supply, drainage, or as playgrounds for local pleasure boaters and fishermen. One idea is that the "surplus" canals should be turned over to the river boards, which already supervise land drainage. Now the verdict of yet another canal investigating committee—the Bowes Committee appointed by the Minister of Transport in February, 1956—is awaited.

In the last fifty years, two Royal commissions and three departmental committees have spent, collectively, some seven or eight years industriously seeking a solution to the problem of the canals. But now it begins to seem that the hard facts of modern transport economics are writing their own solution.

The fresh breeze that is now blowing across the canals of Britain is a breeze off the sea. The canals, it seems, will find their future not so much as a national network of waterways but as wide pipelines carrying a stream of goods inland from the great river estuaries. They are being re-conceived as a vital part of the hinterland of the great ports with waterheads at Leeds or Wakefield or Nottingham for Hull, at Worcester and Stourport for Bristol and Avonmouth, at Brentford or Enfield for London.

Working on this plan, which corresponds to the spirit and economic realities of the mid-twentieth century, British Waterways men are confident that canal transport can enjoy an impressive revival. The trend is now strongly upwards and the potential is immense.

"I can still think of a tremendous amount of road traffic—timber, cement, coal—that could come on to the canal," says Trevor Thornton, happily. And adds: "After all, if it doesn't, there soon won't be room to budge on the roads of this country."

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Yes, the inspector agreed, finding a body in your barn was most distressing—even if it were a stranger's

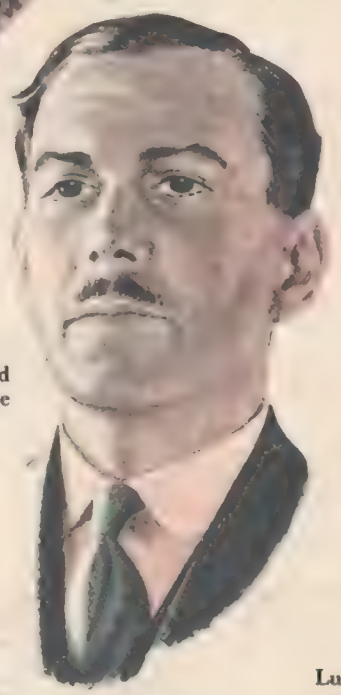
4·50 FROM PADDINGTON

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. PETTS

Lucy Eyelesbarrow

Cedric Crackenthorpe



Harold Crackenthorpe

IT was a dull December evening when Mrs. McGillicuddy reached Miss Marple's house. She hurried inside. "Oh, Jane!" she wailed. "I've just seen a murder!"

Miss Marple raised her eyebrows. "*Most* distressing for you, Elspeth," she said. "I think you had better tell me about it *at once*. . . ."

The facts were brief. That afternoon, travelling on the 4.50 from Paddington, Mrs. McGillicuddy had seen a tall, dark man apparently throttling a fair-haired woman in a train on a parallel track. She reported the incident a few minutes later when her train reached Brackhampton.

Both ladies expected to read of the "murder" in their newspapers the next day. But the authorities had investigated and found nothing. Obviously, thought Miss Marple, the next move was up to her—and a few days later, when Mrs. McGillicuddy had left to visit a nephew in Ceylon, she went into action. . . .

Reconnoitring the district, she thought it just possible that a body could be thrown from a train into the grounds of Rutherford Hall. The Hall, on the outskirts of Brackhampton, was flanked by the railway embankment. It belonged, so she discovered, to an elderly eccentric named Crackenthorpe, who was cared for by his daughter, Emma.

To be on the spot, Miss Marple moved to Brackhampton and persuaded a young friend, Lucy Eyelesbarrow, to help in the investigation. Lucy, posing as Miss Marple's niece, took a housekeeping post at Rutherford Hall.

The three Crackenthorpe sons had left a few days after Christmas, Lucy was told. At present, the only guests in the big house were a young grandson, Alexander Eastley, and his school friend, Stoddart-West.

Lucy's main task—a discreet one—was to search the embankment and grounds. She did not find a body—but she did find a cheap powder compact in a broken patch of shrubbery.

And then one day, among the junk in the Long Barn, Lucy noticed a sarcophagus. It had a heavy, close-fitting lid. She found a crowbar and slowly, doggedly, prised up the lid sufficiently to see inside. . . .

PART TWO

Inspector Bacon Calls

A FEW minutes later Lucy, rather pale, left the barn, locked the door and put the key back on the nail. She got out her car and drove down the back drive to the post office at the end of the road. She went into the telephone box, put in the money and dialled.

"I want to speak to Miss Marple."

Presently Miss Marple's voice spoke. "Yes, Lucy?"

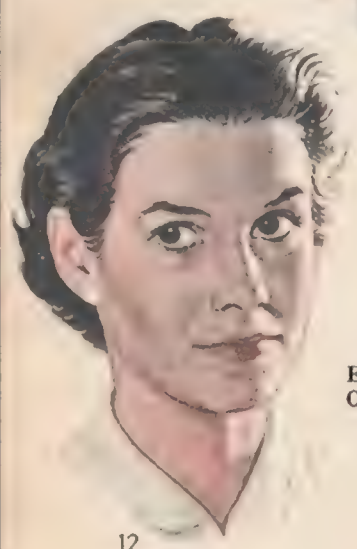
Lucy drew a deep breath. "You were quite right," she said. "I've found it."

"A woman's body?"

"Yes. A woman in a fur coat. It's in a stone sarcophagus in a kind of barn-cum-museum near the house. I ought to inform the police, I think."

"Yes. You must inform the police. At once," said Miss Marple.

Lucy rang off, waited a moment, and then



Emma Crackenthorpe

Luther Crackenthorpe

Alfred Crackenthorpe

Bryan Eastley

rang and got the police station. She said: "I have just discovered a dead body in a sarcophagus in the Long Barn at Rutherford Hall."

"What's that?"

Lucy repeated her statement and, anticipating the next question, gave her name. Then she drove back, put the car away and entered the house. She went to the library where Miss Crackenthorpe was sitting with her father.

"Can I speak to you a moment, Miss Crackenthorpe?"

Emma looked up, a shade of apprehension on her face. The apprehension was, Lucy thought, purely domestic: in such words do useful household staff announce their imminent departure.

Emma came out into the hall; Lucy followed her and shut the door behind them. She said: "I didn't want to speak before your father, because I understand he is an invalid and it might give him a shock. You see, I've just discovered the body of a murdered woman in that big sarcophagus in the Long Barn."

Emma Crackenthorpe stared at her. "In the sarcophagus? A murdered woman? It's impossible!"

"I'm afraid it's quite true. I've rung up the police. They will be here at any minute now."

A slight flush came into Emma's cheeks.

"In fact, they're here now," said Lucy, as with a squeal of brakes a car drew up at the front door and the front door bell pealed through the house. . . .

"I'm sorry, very sorry—to have asked this of you," said Inspector Bacon. His hand under her arm, he led Emma Crackenthorpe out of the barn. Emma's face was very pale and she looked sick, but she walked firmly erect.

"I'm quite sure that I've never seen the woman before in my life."

"We're very grateful to you, Miss Crackenthorpe. That's all I wanted to know. Perhaps you'd like to lie down?"

"I must go to my father. I telephoned to Doctor Quimper as soon as I heard about this and the doctor is with him now."

Dr. Quimper came out of the library as they crossed the hall. He was a tall, genial man, with a casual, off-hand, cynical manner that his patients found very stimulating.

He and the inspector nodded to each other. "Miss Crackenthorpe has performed an unpleasant task very bravely," said Inspector Bacon.

"Well done, Emma," said the doctor, patting her on the shoulder. "You can take things. I've always known that. Your father's all right. Just go in and have a word with him, and then go into the dining-room and get yourself a glass of brandy. That's a prescription."

Emma smiled at him gratefully and went into the library.

"That woman's the salt of the earth," said the doctor, looking after her. "A thousand pities she's never married. The penalty of being the only female in a family of men. The other sister got clear and married at seventeen, I believe."

"Too devoted to her father, I suppose," said Inspector Bacon.

"She's not really as devoted as all that—but she's got the instinct some women have to make their menfolk happy. Well, do you want me for anything? Want me to have a look at your corpse?"

"I'd like you to have a look, yes, Doctor. We want to get her identified. I suppose it's impossible for old Mr. Crackenthorpe? Too much of a strain?"

"Strain? Fiddlesticks," said Dr. Quimper as they left the house. "He'd never forgive you or me if you didn't let him have a peep. Most exciting thing that's happened to him for fifteen years or so—*and* it won't cost him anything."

"There's nothing really much wrong with him, then?"

"He's seventy-two," said the doctor. "That's all, really, that's the matter with him." The doctor stood by the sarcophagus and looked down with frank curiosity. "Never seen her before. No patient of mine. I don't remember ever seeing her about in Brackhampton. Who found her?"

"Miss Lucy Eyelesbarrow."

"Oh, the latest lady help? What was *she* doing, poking about in sarcophagi?"

"That," said Inspector Bacon grimly, "is just what I am going to ask her. . . ."

After leading the police to the Long Barn and giving a brief account of her actions, Lucy had retired into the background, but she was under no illusion at all that the police had finished with her.

She had just finished preparing potatoes for chips that evening when word was brought to her that Inspector Bacon required her presence. Lucy followed the policeman to where the inspector awaited her. She sat down and awaited his questions composedly.

"Now, Miss Eyelesbarrow, what were you looking for in the sarcophagus?"

"I was looking for a body," said Lucy.

"You were looking for a body—and you found one? Doesn't that seem to you a very extraordinary story?"

"Oh yes, it is an extraordinary story. Perhaps you will let me explain it to you?"

Lucy gave him a precise recital of the events which had led up to her sensational discovery. The inspector made some notes. Then he said: "You expect me to believe this story?"

Lucy said gently: "Not, perhaps, until after you have interviewed Miss Marple and got her confirmation of it."

"I shall interview her all right. She must be cracked."

Lucy forbore to point out that to be proved right is not really a proof of mental incapacity. Instead she said: "Thank you. Then I'll go back to the kitchen and get on with things. . . ."

The inquest was a purely formal affair. No one came forward to identify the dead woman. Lucy was called to give evidence of finding the body, and medical evidence was given as to the cause of death—strangulation. The proceedings were then adjourned.

It was a cold, blustery day when the Crackenthorpe family came out of the hall where

Dr. Quimper looked with frank curiosity at the body in the sarcophagus. "Never seen her before," he told the inspector. "She was no patient of mine"

the inquest had been held. There were five of them all told: Emma, Cedric, Harold, Alfred, and Bryan Eastley, the husband of the dead daughter Edith. There was also Mr. Wilborne, the senior partner of the firm of solicitors who dealt with the Crackenthorpes' legal affairs.

The big hired Daimler drew up to the kerb. Emma got in and motioned to Lucy. Mr. Wilborne, Cedric and Harold followed. Bryan Eastley said: "'I'll take Alfred with me in my little bus." The chauffeur shut the door and the Daimler rolled away.

"It's all very unfortunate. *Most* unfortunate," said Harold. "I suppose——"

He looked at Mr. Wilborne, who compressed his thin lips and shook his head with distaste. "I hope," the solicitor said sententiously, "that the whole matter will soon be cleared up satisfactorily. The police are very efficient. However, the whole thing, as Harold says, has been most unfortunate."

He looked, as he spoke, at Lucy, and there was distinct disapproval in his glance, as though to say that if it had not been for her poking about where she had no business to be, none of this would have happened.

This sentiment, or one closely resembling it, was voiced by Harold Crackenthorpe.

"By the way, Miss—er—Eyelesbarrow, just what made you go looking in that sarcophagus?"

Lucy had already wondered just when this thought would occur to one of the family. She had known that the police would ask it first thing: what surprised her was that it seemed to have occurred to nobody else until now.

"Really," she said, "I hardly know. . . . I *did* feel that the whole place needed a thorough clearing out and cleaning. And there was"—she hesitated—"a very peculiar and disagreeable smell. . . ."

She had counted accurately on the immediate shrinking of everyone from the unpleasantness of this idea. Mr. Wilborne murmured: "Yes, yes, of course . . . about three weeks the police surgeon said. . . . I think, you know, we must all try and not let our minds *dwell* on this thing." He smiled encouragingly at Emma who had turned very pale. "Remember, this wretched young woman was nothing to do with any of us."

"Ah, but you can't be so sure of that, can you?" said Cedric.

Lucy Eyelesbarrow looked at Cedric with some interest. She had already been intrigued by the rather startling differences between the three brothers.

Cedric was a big man with a weather-beaten, rugged face, unkempt dark hair, and a jocund manner. He had arrived from the airport unshaven and, though he had shaved in preparation for the inquest, he was still wearing the clothes in which he had arrived and which seemed to be the only ones he had; old grey flannel trousers, and a patched and rather threadbare, baggy jacket.

His brother Harold, on the contrary, was the perfect picture of a city gentleman and a director of important companies. He was tall, with a neat, erect carriage, had dark hair going slightly thin on the temples, a small moustache, and was impeccably dressed in a dark, well-cut suit and a pearl-grey tie.

Harold now said stiffly: "Really, Cedric, that seems a *most* uncalled-for remark."

"Don't see why. She was in our barn. What did she come there for?"

Mr. Wilborne coughed and said: "Possibly some—er—assignation. I understand that it was a matter of local knowledge that the key was kept outside on a nail."

His tone indicated outrage at the carelessness of such procedure. So clearly marked was this that Emma spoke apologetically. She said: "It started during the war—for the A.R.P. wardens. And afterwards, since there was really nothing there anybody could have wanted to take, we went on leaving the key hanging up."

Mr. Wilborne cleared his throat. "Well, it seems highly probable that the place was used in the winter months as a place of assignation by local couples. No doubt there was a quarrel and some young man lost control of himself. Horrified at what he had done, his eye lit on the sarcophagus and he realized that it would make an excellent place of concealment."

Cedric said: "You say a local couple—but then nobody has been able to identify the girl locally."

"It's early days yet. No doubt we shall get an identification before long. And it is possible, of course, that the man in question was a local resident, but that the girl came from elsewhere, perhaps from some other part of Brackhampton. Brackhampton's a big place—it's grown enormously in the last twenty years."

"If I were a girl coming to meet my young man, I'd not stand for being taken to a freezing cold barn miles from anywhere," Cedric objected. "I'd stand out for a nice bit of cuddle in the cinema, wouldn't you, Miss Eyelesbarrow?"

"Do we need to go into all this?" Harold demanded plaintively.

And with the voicing of the question the car drew up before the front door of Rutherford Hall and they all got out. . . .

IN the library, Inspector Bacon was talking to a fair-haired, good-looking man. He said: "Yes, all the family seem to be here—the sons all came down for the inquest." He consulted a list. "Harold Crackenthorpe, he's something in the city—quite an important figure, I understand. Alfred—don't quite know what he does. Cedric—that's the one that lives abroad. Paints! Then there's a son-in-law too—a chap called Eastley."

"Who do you suggest we talk to first?"

"I'd say old Wilborne. He's the family solicitor. Might get the general picture out of him. . . ."

On entering the library, Mr. Wilborne blinked a little as his shrewd old eyes went past Inspector Bacon, whom he had already met, to the other man.

Inspector Bacon performed introductions. "This is Detective Inspector Craddock of New Scotland Yard," he said.

Dermot Craddock, who had a pleasant manner, went easily into speech. "We have been called in on the case, Mr. Wilborne," he said. "As you are representing the Crackenthorpe family, I feel it is only fair that we should give you a little confidential information."

"It's like this. We have reason to believe, from information that has come into our possession, that the dead woman is not a native of these parts, that she actually travelled down here from London and that she had recently come from abroad. Probably, though we are not sure of that, from France."

Mr. Wilborne raised his eyebrows slightly. "Indeed?"

"That being the case," explained Inspector Bacon, "the Chief Constable felt that the Yard were better fitted to investigate the matter."

"I can only hope," said Mr. Wilborne, "that the case will be solved quickly. As you can no doubt appreciate, the whole business has been a source of much distress to the family. Although not personally concerned in any way, they are——"

He paused for a bare second, but Inspector Craddock filled the gap quickly. "It's not a pleasant thing to find a murdered woman on your property? I couldn't agree with you more. Now I should like to have a brief interview with the various members of the family——"

"I really cannot see——"

"What they can tell me? Probably nothing of interest—but one never knows. I daresay I can get most of the information I want from you, sir. Information about this house and the family."

"And what can that possibly have to do with

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"I thought it much wiser," Miss Marple told Inspector Craddock, "to find the body first"

Philip Childs shows films at 336 Lincolnshire schools. Snow once forced him to spend the night on a village schoolroom floor

Teaching in the dark

by ROY HILL

When a blackboard can't show all the answers, Philip Childs comes to the rescue—with his cinema screen

A SMALL van owned by Lindsey County Education Department stopped near the schoolhouse in the Lincolnshire village of Saxby All Saints. Philip Childs, the projectionist and camera technician who runs the van, organized a party of boys to carry cinematograph equipment into the school hall.

Suddenly he realized that none of the windows in the school, which had only recently been equipped with electricity, had curtains.

The children were very excited at the prospect of their first school film show. "I didn't want to let them down," says Childs, "but the sun was shining brightly and there didn't seem a chance of the show going on."

Then the headmistress intervened. She sent two boys to the village store for eight tins of blacklead, which she emptied into buckets. She wrapped rags round two broom heads, tied each broom to another broom and, with another elderly teacher, set to work to blacklead the tall, church-type windows of the school hall. Childs helped, and in less than an hour the children were watching a film about life in Alaska.

This last-minute improvisation did not surprise Childs. Five years of visits to most of the 281 primary schools in a county of nearly a million rural acres had given him a healthy respect for village schoolmarms. "I haven't known one to be licked by a problem yet," he says, "though admittedly some of them took a little time to get used to my films." On his first visit to another village school, a mistress entered the hall carrying two cups of tea after the show had started. She handed one to Childs and then looked round, but in vain, for "the man doing the talking."

"She didn't realize," Childs says, "just how modern education can be, even in places where the adults have to travel twenty miles to the nearest commercial cinema."

Lindsey's scheme to bring visual aids to schools was started in 1947 at a cost of £6,525. Since then the yearly cost has levelled out at about £2,000, including nearly £500 used to buy new films, or to carry out repairs and make replacements to 580 sound and silent films, and approximately two thousand "film strips."

Forty-seven of the 336 schools in Lindsey now have their own cinematograph projectors, and nearly two hundred have film strip projectors—modern "magic lanterns" which teachers use to illustrate lessons by projecting still pictures on to any convenient wall.

Childs, a ruddy-faced Yorkshireman weighing seventeen stone, spends most of his time showing films to those schools without their own ciné equipment. He also advises schools on keeping their equipment in good working order.

Once he travelled miles to investigate a complaint that most of the sound track of a film about the islands of Scotland was unintelligible. "There was nothing wrong with the projector or the film," he says, "but when I played the film back I found that parts of the commentary were in Gaelic."

Childs found that often, when he visited village schools for the first time, the children were scared. They thought that he was the dentist. "But by the time I finished my programme most of them couldn't wait for my next visit," he says.

A headmistress with fewer than thirty children in her school was so enthusiastic about visual aids that she bought a film strip projector and showed fifteen strips, each containing thirty or forty separate pictures, in one week. It took her that time to realize that strips are meant to be an aid to education, not a substitute.

The enterprise of another head teacher went unnoticed until it occurred to officials in Lincoln that the electricity bill for his primary school was unusually high. They found that the head had rigged up a wooden projection box in his school hall and was using the projector to show feature films to the villagers in the evenings.

"Used properly, strips or films add to a teacher's work," Childs says. "Usually a preliminary talk is followed by the film and then by a discussion. A good teacher prepares the session carefully and is fully briefed on all points that the children might raise."

At one time teachers were shying away from visual aids because they were afraid to use the projectors, so five-day training courses were held at Riseholme Farm Institute. "Now most teachers are fully capable of using the equipment," Childs says.

BUT not all of them make the fullest use of films. The headmaster of a grammar school near Lincoln believes that there is a danger of "doing away with language" in education. He says: "A film—a relatively small point of light in a dark atmosphere—invites non-critical acceptance of whatever is put to the audience. The whole point of education is just the reverse."

He admits, however, that in his own subject, mathematics, film can be useful; that animated graphs convince a class more quickly and surely than graphs drawn on a blackboard.

John Edmonds, a teacher-pioneer of films for schools in Lindsey, agrees that films need to be used with discretion. "A film about latitude and longitude was recommended to us as suitable for children of eleven and twelve. It was indeed suitable—as visual entertainment. The script, unfortunately, was far too technical. But a film

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THE SLEDGE PATROL · 3 by DAVID HOWARTH

Marius drives into a German trap

He was the first prisoner in this strange war. And there was only one thing he could expect: to be shot

POULSEN, the Danish commander of the sledge patrol which had been set the task of watching the remote, isolated east coast of Greenland in case of a German landing, never thought to see the enemy in those Arctic wastes.

But in 1942 a small German party landed and, undetected, throughout that winter radioed vital weather information to the U-boats in the Atlantic and the Luftwaffe attacking British convoys to Russia. In the spring the fifteen-man sledge patrol stumbled upon them.

The Germans, commanded by Lieutenant Ritter, a naval officer, himself closely watched by the Nazis in his party of nineteen men, attacked. The sledge patrol was scattered, its headquarters, a weather station at Eskimoness, burned to the ground, and Poulsen, ill-clad for such a journey, had walked 230 Arctic miles in eleven days to the nearest friendly base, Ella Island.

As he approached it, he thought he would never manage the last five miles. But when he

"Halt!" Ritter ordered the sledge driver. But the man ignored him, and shouted to his dogs. The team swerved and then came on, faster

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BERRY

was still some distance away, dragging his bleeding, suppurating feet across the ice, he saw a sledge approaching. The driver was Mikael, an Eskimo whom Poulsen had sent south before the trouble at Eskimoness had started.

Mikael's astonishment was clear.

"Why are you here? What has happened?"

Poulsen, who could scarcely speak, managed to mumble one question: "Has nobody come through from Eskimoness?"

"Nobody," said Mikael, shaking his head. Then, seeing that Poulsen was on the point of collapse, he said no more, but helped him on to the sledge. And Poulsen slowly and unwillingly understood that nobody but he had come through and the people at Ella had not heard what had happened at Eskimoness.

In the warmth and comfort of the house that night, Poulsen collapsed and could not even contemplate this new bewildering problem. He had known that he might be mistaken about sledge tracks he had seen on the way because so many people had travelled by sledge that way: but whose were the footprints that he had seen so clearly? Where were his men?

Mikael and his companion, Aparte, were concerned at the state to which their leader was reduced, and at the ghastly injuries that he had done to his feet. They fed him and doctored him in their rough and friendly way, and the scraps of the story which he told them grew in their imaginations to a tale of irretrievable disaster: Eskimoness captured . . . the leader crippled . . . seven men missing . . . the enemy with sledges at large upon their coast.

If Poulsen had been able to think at all he would have reassured them, but the only idea which he still had in his head was to get a signal off, to tell the people outside what had been happening on the coast. He had no cypher, but he had decided long before what he would do if he got to Ella Island: he would send the signal in Eskimo, which would be just as good as a cypher because no German would understand it. At midnight he raised Scoresby Sound, a village about two hundred miles away.

This message was translated back to Danish at Scoresby Sound, encyphered and retransmitted to Eske Brun, the Governor of Greenland. But as soon as Scoresby Sound had acknowledged it, they replied with a message for Poulsen. They told him that they knew about the attack on Eskimoness. Kurt Olsen had got through a short signal ten days before, on the emergency transmitter in Henry Rudi's hut at Revet—when Poulsen had tried to work the radio there the batteries had been flat—but since then there had been silence.

After midnight Poulsen slept, but not for very long. By six o'clock in the morning he had recovered enough to try to think ahead. As soon as he heard that his men had not arrived, he made up his mind to turn round at once and go north again to look for them.

"I cannot walk," he told Mikael, "but, if I take a lightly loaded sledge, I think I can ride on it."

But first he had to wait for an answer from Eske Brun and, while he was waiting, one of the Eskimos ran in and cried: "There is another man coming. He, too, is walking."

"From the north?" asked Poulsen eagerly.

"No. He is walking along the shore of Ella Island. He must have come from the south."

Poulsen could not understand this at all, and they had to wait until the second pedestrian was brought in.

It was Evald, an Eskimo who had been at Eskimoness when the shooting started; and when he came in and started to tell his story it solved some of the mysteries which had been confusing Poulsen.

Evald and William, another Eskimo, had seen tracer bullets soaring over their heads, and heard the terrifying noise of the machine guns: the experience had confused them so much that they had run away. There was no harm in that, because it was more or less what Poulsen had told them to do; but they had gone a long way before they remembered that he had told them to take their sledge, and when they had come to their senses they thought it was too dangerous to go back. So they also started to walk.

They had two days' start over Poulsen, because of his walk to Revet, and they had the advantages of being properly dressed, of having skis, and of getting the first pick of the food in the huts on the way; and yet he had nearly caught them up. On the previous day they had passed Ella Island, keeping as far as they could on the other side of the fiord because they were afraid the Germans might have got there; but during the night Evald had felt ashamed.

"Suppose the Germans have not yet got to Ella Island," he said to William, "I should go back to warn the people there that they may be coming. It is a risk, but I should do it. You, William, should go straight on to warn the people at Scoresby Sound."

This story at least cleared up the puzzle of the footprints; but it made Poulsen even more concerned for Kurt Olsen and Henry Rudi, who had been with him at Eskimoness when the Germans opened fire on the house, and whom he had not seen since.

All the way to Ella, he thought they were ahead of him. Now it was clear that they had been behind him since the day he started out from Revet. The two Eskimos, as he knew to his cost, had not left much food in the huts when they had passed them, and he had finished what little there had been. Believing that all four of the others were ahead of him, and knowing that the northern party was well supplied, he had never thought of hungry men who might be coming along behind him. Kurt Olsen was young and full of vitality, and had a way of falling on his feet. Henry Rudi, too, was game for anything; but, still, he was fifty-five. . . .

The journey had indeed been hard for Rudi, the old bear hunter. On the day when Poulsen arrived at Ella Island, Rudi and Olsen were, in fact, struggling through the snow of Musk Ox Fiord and had covered rather less than half the distance to Ella.

Both of them knew by then that Poulsen was all right and was ahead of them on the way to Ella Island, because they had actually seen him when he left the hut at Revet.

In the fight, Rudi had fired a few aimless shots, but Olsen had fired none because he had not seen anyone to fire at. They had set off independently to Revet but had met in a narrow gorge among the hills, and they had gone on together.

On the day when Poulsen got to Revet and slept in the hills behind the hut, Rudi and Olsen were sleeping not more than a mile away. That evening they had no reason to go down to the hut again, and as darkness fell they began to walk south along the hillside above the fiord. It was then that they saw a man walking below them on the ice, and also going south.

"It is too far to make out who it is," said Olsen.

"We know who it is," replied Rudi. "Who could it possibly be except Poulsen?"

Olsen nodded agreement. "He will be making for the hut at the head of Godthaabs Gulf," he said.

Rudi and Olsen went there themselves in the hope of meeting him. But in the darkness he had gone straight on across the gulf, and they never caught him up. It was by this small margin that he failed to hear that Olsen had sent his signal to Scoresby Sound.

Rudi and Olsen both had all their clothes: Rudi because he had been on watch when the Germans came, and Olsen because he had not really understood what was happening when Poulsen had shouted to him to come outside, so

Sledge patrol men at Sandodden. Before the war the hut had been Eli Knudsen's hunting station. Here he defied the Germans—and died

The Germans buried Knudsen in a shack nearby and put up a simple cross. The shack is still there, covered by stones and by the Arctic snow

Marius Jensen's dog team which he lost in a German attack on Cape Wynn. He got them back later at Sandodden—but he was then a captive

When the Germans planned to raid Ella from Hold With Hope, Jensen tricked them into taking the dangerous Musk Ox Fiord route

that he had gone into his room and dressed in a leisurely manner while Poulsen was arguing with Ritter.

All the way round Godthaabs Gulf and along Loch Fyne, Henry Rudi had fretted that he was holding his young companion back. Because of the spacing of the hunting huts there, one had to walk either twelve miles a day or twenty-four, and Henry simply could not manage twenty-four.

"You go on," he kept saying. "I can look after myself." But Kurt knew that if he left Henry behind it could only be a matter of time before the Germans picked him up.

"It's all right," he said. "Take your time. I'm in no hurry."

Because there was nothing left to eat in the huts, they had to waste days in hunting. Kurt went out with his rifle, while Henry rested and kept the fires on. They kept themselves going on hares and musk ox steak, and so, in the course of ten days, they covered some ninety miles, and got to the second hut in Musk Ox Fiord. They had a shock that night; they heard dogs outside the hut. They listened, and Olsen picked up his gun.

Somebody had driven up with a dog sledge and stopped at the back of the hut, on the opposite side to the window. Rudi and Olsen stood listening, staring at each other, expecting German voices.

They heard a man coming round the hut towards the door, and Olsen put off his safety catch and covered the doorway. The man fumbled for the door latch, and they saw it turning, and Olsen shouted: "Stop there!"

But the door opened and a tired voice said: "Kurt? Don't you start shooting," and the man came into the room: Peter Nielsen, whom nobody had seen for months, the man that Marius Jensen and Eli Knudsen had gone to look for away up north on Hochstetter Foreland before the fighting at Eskimoness.

"Peter!" Kurt Olsen said. "What happened? Are Marius and Eli with you?"

"No, they're not here," he said. "I'll tell you what happened. Eli Knudsen's dead."

When Marius Jensen and Eli Knudsen had parted from Poulsen at the hunting station at Sandodden, and gone northwards over the Kuppel Pass to look for Peter Nielsen, they started to have trouble with their dogs. Eli Knudsen was driving his own team, but Marius had only dogs which he had borrowed at Eskimoness to replace a team he had been forced to abandon in a German attack on Cape Wynn. They fought more than usual among themselves and drove Marius to exasperation; and Eli Knudsen was always miles ahead.

It took them three days to reach Hochstetter Foreland, and when they got to the hut where Peter had spent the winter they found that he was away; and they had to push on for another twenty miles before they came on his tracks and ran him to earth in another hunting hut.

They stayed there one night, and told him everything that had happened before they left Eskimoness.

MARIUS added: "I am worried about the men at Eskimoness. We have left them to look after themselves in the thick of things."

"Then why do you say you are going back to Eskimoness by the route past Revet?" asked Peter. "That will probably add two days to the journey home."

"Poulsen told us to," answered Marius. "He said to take the longer route so as to keep as far as possible from the Germans on Sabine Island. But I think we should take a chance and go the shortest way."

Eli and Peter both agreed with this, and so, in spite of Poulsen's orders, they started back in that direction.

This journey also became something of a procession, with Eli Knudsen ahead and Marius and Peter lagging far behind. On the third night they had agreed to camp on the northern side of the Kuppel Pass, so that the next day they could pass Sandodden without going too near it and reach Eskimoness the next evening.

However, when Marius and Peter arrived at the pass, Eli Knudsen was not waiting there, and they saw that his tracks went on, right over the pass and down the other side. They knew that he always wanted to visit Sandodden whenever he could, because it had been his own hunting station before the war, and they guessed that he had gone on there; but they were tired and hungry, and so were their dogs.

"Why couldn't Eli have stuck to the plan we agreed on?" complained Marius. "He is too impatient."

"What is more," Peter pointed out, "all the food was packed on his sledge."

Marius had forgotten this. It made them more annoyed with Eli than ever. All the same, they decided to camp. They found a secluded place between two steep moraines, and pitched their tent there, and spent a hungry night.

Captain Poulsen, who was a radio operator when he became chief of the sledge patrol, remained in the Danish Army after the war

This was the evening of March 25, the day on which Eskimoness had been reduced to ruins. . . .

When the fire at Eskimoness had burned itself out, Ritter and his Germans had started a fairly leisurely journey back towards Hansa Bay. On the whole, at that moment, Ritter was not displeased with himself or with the way things had worked out. He had hated burning the house, but he felt that nobody could say he had failed in any military duty, and he could still hope that nobody had actually been hounded to his death.

The papers he had found in the house before he burned it, especially Kurt Olsen's log book, had given him more clues about the disposition of the sledge patrol.

He was fairly certain that there were still a few Danes in the district, and he gave orders for strict precautions against surprise on the journey to Hansa Bay. A watch was to be kept at night and a machine gun mounted outside the huts which he and his party slept in. For the first stop he chose the most convenient place: Sandodden.

The evening when they arrived there, he and his men picketed their dogs—of which they now had over fifty—out of sight among the high drifts of snow which surrounded the station, and all of the men except the sentry packed themselves into the little hut.

Not long after, the sentry shouted, "A sledge is coming."

The Germans seized their automatic arms and hurried out, and took up positions hidden behind the house and below the snowdrifts. They saw the sledge coming down from the Kuppel Pass and straight towards them: Knudsen, driving confidently on, oblivious of danger, to visit his old hunting ground again.

Ritter saw that there was only one man, and he was coming openly across the ice.

"No man is to fire," Ritter ordered, "unless I give the command."

When the sledge was a hundred yards away, he stepped out into view and shouted, "Halt!" He saw the driver give him a startled glance, and heard him shout to his dogs and crack his whip. The dogs swerved to the right and came on, faster, and Ritter saw what the driver meant to do; for a hundred and fifty yards away was a bank of stones and snow which would have hidden the sledge if it could reach it.

"Shoot the dogs," Ritter shouted, and as the sledge swept past the station the machine gun opened fire. Some of the dogs in full gallop rolled over and over. The driver reached down for his rifle, the machine gun fired again, and the driver fell face downwards in the snow and did not move. The sledge careered on, dragging dead and wounded dogs in their tangled traces.

RITTER ran out to where the driver lay, and turned him over. He was groaning thickly, and blood was in his mouth. Ritter rounded on the gunner.

"The gun jammed," the man protested. "I couldn't help it."

They carried Knudsen into the hut. Dr. Sensse was in the party, and he stripped off Knudsen's anarak and plugged the bullet wound high up in his chest; but he was unconscious and in half an hour he died, the first man in all the recorded history of the north-east Greenland coast who had died there at the hand of a fellow man.

This sudden violent, unnecessary tragedy, which began and ended in the space of a few decisive seconds, was a shock which haunted Ritter's memory for months. But there was immediate action to be taken before he could be alone to listen to his conscience. It was an easy guess that where one man had come down from the north, others were likely to follow very soon; and he could not lose sight of the advantage it would give him to catch one of the Danes alive

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MEN OF THE NIGHT

by F. W. HOLIDAY

The minute he was off his guard, the gang would strike. He had to be ready—for Sally's sake

WALTER SNOW knocked out his pipe with two decisive raps and stood up abruptly. He pulled the peak of his cap farther down over his eyes, opened the door of the office and stood listening. His little wire-haired terrier, Gypsy, crouched by his feet, a white patch in the gloom.

It was two in the morning. The mill echoed hollow and lonely. Snow's ears, sharpened with practice, picked out the dry gnawing of a rat somewhere behind the engine-sheds. Gypsy heard it too and shivered with excitement, looking up expectantly. But Snow shook his head. Slowly and very quietly he closed the door again.

The cherry glow from the fire cross-lit his face—a strong face, weathered and worn a bit. Deliberately, he looked over at the telephone on the table. It would be very easy to ring the police. All he needed to do was lift the receiver and dial and the duty constable would yawn: "Dale Road Police Station here. Oh, it's the mill watchman, is it? Having trouble?"

What could he reply to that? That he had a presentiment? That his dog was restless? That he fancied—but wasn't sure—that he'd heard the echo of a footstep?

No, it wasn't good enough. If he asked them bluntly, then the police would certainly come. But if it was another false alarm, they would go away disgruntled. Already he had wasted too much of their time. They must be rather bored now with the mill and its phantom burglars.

But to Snow the burglars were very real. He had had the encounter only a few months after he had taken on this watchman's job—a job that usefully supplemented his ex-serviceman's pension.

It had been nine o'clock in the evening, an hour after he had come on duty. A figure had appeared in the shadows by the office door.

Snow was ready. He scorned the regulation truncheon and preferred a lethal-looking cosh of his own design. This was in his hand. Gypsy, growling, crouched near his feet.

"Take it easy, guv," a voice said coolly. "Just a social call this is. I ain't touched a thing."

Snow said coldly: "I watched you climb the gate. What do you want?"

In the gloom a match flared guardedly as the caller lit a cigarette. Smoke puffed into Snow's face.

"You're an old soldier, so you know the rackets. Let's get down to business. You get six or seven quid a week for doing this? It can't be much of a life. How would you like to come in on some real money?"

"I'm listening," Snow said.

"All you got to do is rest. Stay here in the office with your feet up watching the fire. Get it? Just forget the mill. I'll let you know what night. Two hundred quid in cash, in advance, if you agree."

"Also a jail sentence," Snow added cynically.

"We ain't mugs," the man told him. "We'll give you some stuff—laudanum. You can drop it in your tea—swear you were doped. They can't pin a thing on you. Well?"

Snow didn't waste words. He picked up the phone, and dialled the local police, whose number he'd memorized. Murderous profanity streamed in at him from the door; then silence. Gypsy—streaking into the corridor after the intruder—had returned limping, her head bloody.

The police got there too late to make an arrest, but they were brisk and helpful. The sergeant took down the conversation, as Snow

The caller said: "They can't pin a thing on you." Snow didn't waste any words. He reached for the telephone

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

remembered it. Two constables stayed on as guards.

But after a few weeks police interest fell away, which was inevitable. Other cases claimed their attention. The mill manager took on an extra watchman to keep Snow company, but after a couple of months the man was discharged as an unjustifiable expense.

Meantime, Snow was uncomfortably aware that the entire alarm rested on his own unsupported word. Of course everybody believed his story. It wasn't that. It was simply that there was no scrap of evidence to show that anyone contemplated robbing the mill. He might have dreamed it all. . . .

But he knew that they were waiting—the men of that gang—to catch him off-guard. They had found they couldn't bribe him, so they would try some other way. And there was a chance that they might succeed.

Most of all was his fear for his daughter's career. Sally had worked here in the offices of Briggs, Snell and Co. ever since she left school. When Snow finished with the regular army, she had got him the job as watchman. Sally had a career with the company. She knew what she wanted and had the ability to get it—she was already confidential secretary to one of the directors. A robbery, with her father as dupe, would do her no particular credit.

As the weeks went by, Snow raged within himself at the humiliation of it. These unknown bandits had him on hooks. They could choose their time and method—could lose him his job if he wasn't careful, and prejudice his daughter's future. And they had effectively queered his appeal to his main ally—the police.

For now—poised by the door of his warm sanctum, with the dark mill before him and the phone on the table—Snow knew that to call the police, without real reason, would simply mean getting himself labelled as a windy old fool.

That left him with the other unpleasant alternative. He must do an immediate patrol of the mill and make sure that all was secure. He must do this even though some sixth sense warned him that tonight was the night.

Methodically he picked up his five-cell torch and checked it. He put on his coat and turned the collar up—the mill was bitterly cold. Then he slipped the cosh into his pocket. Finally, before going out, he armed himself with his chief weapon. Behind the door was a scabbard, and four feet of polished steel slid out beneath Snow's hand. It was a rapier with the safety button removed—a silent, deadly tool. In his day Snow had been an army fencing champion.

As he opened the door, Gypsy whined, hoping for another sortie after the mill rats. But Snow shook his head. Firmly, he locked her in the office. This job demanded absolute silence.

His heart was giving an extra beat even before he stepped out into the echoing shops. Yet his mind was clear and his resolution unshakeable. If they had chosen tonight to pull the job, then he had a very good idea how they would set about it.

The warehouse with its bolts of linen and folkweave was the prize. That meant they would use a motor lorry. There were plenty of places to park it in the labyrinth of small streets behind the mill. The main difficulty would be getting it loaded. They would have to pass the stolen stuff over the twelve-foot brick wall with glass and spikes cemented on top. And that called for ladders.

Snow stepped into the first shop and quietly closed the door behind him. As he went forward he allowed his mind to rove, planning details of the suspected robbery. Yes, they would work with ladders over the wall. Two hours uninterrupted loading and they could shift, say, between two and three tons of quality textiles. Call it five thousand pounds' worth of goods—to name a figure. Split, probably, three ways, with a couple of hundred for the driver. He grimaced. They would be saving the watchman's share at any rate.

His torch-beam cut along the lines of looms as he moved silently on rubber-soled shoes. The silence was cold and complete. Gypsy's little rat-growl would have been a great comfort now and he almost regretted having left the dog behind.

Even the smallest splinter of sound would have relieved the brittle shell of tension building up around him. He found himself breathing quickly and shallowly.

There was nothing amiss in the shop and he passed through, pausing only to grind a scrap of material under his heel when it flickered in the draught from a cracked window, giving him a slight shock. He felt tense but not jittery. His fear was in close check.

With the last workshop behind him, he stood in the night looking across the yard at the black cliff of the warehouse looming above. It was then that he knew they were waiting for him. He didn't know how he knew: perhaps it was instinct. All at once the night had an evil quantity of anticipation about it.

Snow realized that they must have spotted his torch back there in the mill. Probably they knew where he was to within a few yards. They would let him approach—wait until he walked into some prepared trap. Then he would find himself being coshed or sandbagged.

With great care he edged his way along the yard in total darkness, feeling, with his left hand, the rapier in his right. When the building ended, he moved out across an open space until his knuckles touched the harshness of further brickwork. This was the twelve-foot boundary wall of the mill. He began to move along it very slowly, looking straight up at the stars.

He was squarely beneath the ladder before he saw its thin silhouette overhead. Cautiously he tapped it with the rapier to make sure of its substance. It was solid and real.

There was no time to lose now. He went up the ladder quickly, feeling for the padding that he knew had been thrown over the broken glass on top. It was there all right—a doubled-up sack.

Leaning over, he took a grip on the top of the second ladder, the one leaning against the opposite side of the mill wall. It was a jointed ladder, like the first, easy to stow away in a lorry. The top section came free and he pulled it up. He was making quite sure that the lorry-driver didn't perform a rescue.

Back on the ground again, Snow dismantled the inner ladder. Then he took all three sections, one at a time, and slid them into the oily gleam of the water reservoir used for cooling the mill engines. The whole job had taken about three minutes.

He knew that by this time they would be hunting him. He had not followed his normal patrol routine. He had avoided the warehouse and they would be suspicious. Their trap was a failure. They would use direct methods now.

Snow began to run. There was no point in further concealment. His hand now held all the master cards and he intended to play each one. He ran past the warehouse and the company offices. He reached the mill gates with their ornate iron scrolls. The key was ready in his hand. He opened the side-door, slipped through, then relocked it. Then he waited.

They were trapped—trapped as effectively as the rats that squealed sometimes in the wire cage contraptions behind the engine-sheds. The mill's twelve-foot containing wall had been built in an age when pilfering was common. The only possible way out lay over the gate. And there Snow waited with his rapier.

Carefully, he took the company's police whistle from his pocket and knocked the fluff out of it. A few strong blasts, he knew, would carry down to Dale Road Police Station. But instead of blowing the whistle he dropped it back into his pocket, smiling strangely. There was time yet.

Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour later the crunch of hurrying feet sounded. The gates shook and rang as someone touched them.

Snow switched on his torch. A man was already half-way up the inside of the gate, hanging like an ape, a foot clawing at the scrolls. Three other figures stood behind him, frozen with shock at the sudden light. It was a sinister tableau with no word spoken until Snow ordered: "Get back!"

The man on the gate snarled at him and kicked out. Scientifically, Snow centred on a fleshy part of the man's body and gave him a cut. With a howl he let go and fell in a heap.

They became like beasts in a cage then—savage, without scruples, determined. They rushed the gates in a bunch and Snow had to cut two before they gave up. By this time the night was not quite so dark and they cursed together for a moment in mounting panic. Then they scattered across the mill yards—each man for himself—looking for some other way out.

But Snow knew that there was no way out. He had made patiently sure of that every night for many weeks. Every door was double-locked. They were as good as in jail, these men—only they didn't know it yet. Hope drove them on, from shadow to shadow—searching, climbing, clawing at the wall. Until dawn came.

This was the punishment that Snow inflicted before he took out the police whistle and blew a series of blasts. Then, almost apologetically, he pushed the rapier under his coat.

He felt tired now and, as he waited, he thought about Sally. In about an hour's time she would be up and getting breakfast in her small flat. If the police didn't keep him too long, he would look in on her. It occurred to him then that a cup of tea would go down very well.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

Three masterly short stories by

VICTOR CANNING
EDWARD LINDALL
LIONEL DAVIDSON

COMING SOON

A John Bull Extra—
The exciting story of

HITLER'S WARTIME SPIES IN BRITAIN

by Charles Wighton and Gunter Peis

Boosey (left) and his partner Alec Brooksbank watch their farm manager netting birds for inspection

Women like budgerigars for their colours. Sometimes they redecorate their homes to match the birds

Fine feathers down on the farm

by ROBERT HOLLES

Edward Boosey rears some rare birds in Kent. He gives them all flying starts—on their way to gilded cages

A FEW years ago Edward Boosey, co-director of a bird farm at Keston, Kent, found the cock bird of a pair of Splendid Grass Parakeets clinging to the side of its aviary with both legs paralysed.

The birds had been sent to the farm by the late Duke of Bedford so that Boosey might try to breed from them, a feat which had never been successfully accomplished. Splendid Grass Parakeets are natives of Australia, and are among the most exotically coloured birds in the world.

Boosey carried the stricken parakeet to the farm's bird hospital and placed it in an electrically heated cage where it was exposed to a temperature of between 85 and 90 degrees F. Within a few days the bird began to regain the use of its legs and eventually made a full recovery. "Meanwhile, the hen was about to hatch a clutch of seven eggs," says Boosey. "She couldn't be expected to rear all the young on her own."

The next day, he distributed the eggs between two pairs of other parakeets of the Bourke's and Turquoisine species. During a subsequent spell of dry weather the hollow log in which the Bourke's Parakeets were nesting split in half, and the newly hatched young were thrown to the ground where they perished during the night. A spell of cold weather followed, and this killed off all but two of the young Splendids reared by the Turquoisines.

"Later on in the season, the same pair successfully reared a fine brood," says Boosey, a genial fifty-five year old bachelor who is a leading authority on parrots and parakeets and has written two books on the subject.

The Keston farm, begun in 1927 on the foundations of four small aviaries surviving from Boosey's boyhood, is the largest of the few ventures of its kind in the country. Nearly all breeders of foreign birds in England are amateurs and the trade is carried on principally by importers and retailers, but Boosey contends that young birds reared on a farm and sold direct to the customer begin life with the greatest advantages. From a breeding stock of five thousand the farm annually produces more than 20,000 budgerigars and imports a further 15,000 small birds — weavers, waxbills and Australian finches—which are unsuitable for breeding in captivity.

The birds are sold to customers all over the world. These have included a Japanese prince, the captain of a visiting South African cricket team, and the wife of Sir John Glubb, who maintained a large aviary of birds, sent from Keston, at Amman, and asked Boosey if he could arrange their return to England when her husband was expelled from Jordan. When this was found to be impossible, Lady Glubb found local homes for them.

The Rajah of Sarawak ordered several hundred birds and invited Boosey to supervise their transfer to a tennis court which he had converted into a big aviary in the grounds of a Surrey mansion. A recent visitor to Boosey's farm was an American conjurer who was interested in the latest types of budgerigars. "He wanted to bring his act up to date," says Boosey, who attributes the great popularity of this species to the fact that they are among the most companionable of birds. They can often be taught to talk, and appeal particularly to women who are attracted by their wide range of colours.

"I have often been asked by ladies to supply budgerigars having plumage which will match their interior decoration schemes," says Boosey. "Some people will even alter the colours in a room to match a bird for which they have a strong affection." By carefully inter-breeding budgerigars last year, Alec Brooksbank, Boosey's partner, produced a strain which concentrated virtually all the colours of the breed in its plumage. While still trying to think of a distinctive name for the bird he showed one to a woman visitor who remarked, "What a beautiful rainbow budgerigar." The name was adopted.

African Grey Parrots, highly popular because of their talking abilities, are almost impossible to breed in captivity. Cock birds are outnumbered by the hens, and nearly all pairs are incompatible. "Parrots which develop a liking for human company," says Boosey, "become quite indifferent to their mates." When he selected a breeding pair and placed them in an aviary together, the cock soon mastered the trick of closing the loose sliding panel separating the shelter from the flight section of the aviary, by pushing it with its beak. This effectively cut off its mate from food supplies, while the cock satisfied his appetite undisturbed.

Boosey replaced the panel with one which fitted more tightly, and eventually the parrots settled down to produce a clutch of eggs from which one fledgling was reared. The bird was the first to be bred in captivity in Europe, a feat recognized by the award of the Avicultural Society's gold medal. But a few months later, when Brooksbank entered the aviary to take a photograph of the young parrot, it swooped from its perch through the open door, flew strongly over the farm, and disappeared in the autumn haze. "We thought that we had seen the last of it," says Boosey, "but on the following

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Conal and Corny came along the beach, and they were already there by the time we re

Uncle Conal and the State of Nature

by ***HUGH MICHAEL HOGAN***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

'Twas a disgraceful affair best forgotten . . . him parading with nothing at all to cover his shame

My Uncle Conal stopped dead in his tracks, effectively barring the way to the jaunty little man who approached us from the other end of the promenade. "Begob," said my Uncle Conal, "'tis Blazes Boone himself or I'm a pygmy!"

The man was looking out to seaward, and so was unaware of us until he came into direct contact with the lower portion of my uncle's enormous bulk.

"Now what in the name o' ——?" Then his gnome-like, rubbery face spread wide in a beatific smile. "Glory be to God—if it isn't the old mountain o' flesh in person, Conal Donelin!" He thrust his hand into the shovel-like palm of my uncle's and pumped vigorously. "Well, and if that isn't the rare coincidence, then. I was just after havin' a look at the scene of your crime, there."

"Me what?"

"The scene of your crime, y'ould reprobate; the place where you went for your midnight bathe an' damn near had us all in the cooler. Don't tell me you've forgotten, now."

Over its stiff white collar, the neck of my uncle turned red. The flush spread slowly upwards over his freckled face, and his bright, watery blue eyes looked at me furtively. "Blazes," he said, "there are things best forgotten, man."

The little man looked at me. "Who's the boy, then?"

"'Tis Michael, me brother Rory's lad. He's

hed the slipway. "We've found them!" yelled Corny. "What's that?" said the sergeant

over from England for his holidays. And he's a dacent enough boy, so don't you be stuffin' his head with any of your damn nonsense, now." I saw, my Uncle Conal wink heavily, then pull out his huge turnip watch. "Shall we go for one?"

We turned into the nearby hotel, and sat at a table in the garden. No waiter appeared, and so my uncle went inside to get the drinks. Blazes watched him go, then said, leaning over to me in a manner heavily confidential: "A quare feller, your uncle." He looked furtively round the garden. "'Twas a most disgraceful affair, that one I just mentioned, y'know. I bet he never told you."

"No, he hasn't."

"I thought not." Blazes nodded sagely. "Well, then, I'm glad to see he's still got some shame in him." He sighed theatrically. "A disgraceful affair, right enough, though it's sorry indeed I am to have to say it."

"What did he do, Mr. Blazes—Mr. Boone?"

"Do?" Blazes flashed another quick look round the garden, then leaned forward to speak behind his hand. "Paraded himself naked in the streets."

The hair on the nape of my neck stiffened. "No!"

Blazes sat back, folded his arms neatly across his chest and looked at me levelly. "That's exactly what he did, now."

My Uncle Conal came across the lawn towards us, carrying a pint glass of stout for Blazes, a half-pint of shandy for me, and a quart tankard of foam-topped, nut-brown ale for himself. My uncle had no time for pint glasses.

He stopped short of the table and glared down at Blazes. "Hah," he snorted, "I've been watchin' you from the window there. Begob, Blazes, 'tis the terrible ould bletherskite y'are, God forgive me." He put the drinks down on the table and lowered his sixteen stone gingerly on to the cane chair beside me.

Blazes was laughing silently. He just sat there, shaking, until tears coursed freely down his cheeks. For a long time he seemed to be incapable of speech, until suddenly he said: "I've blown the gaff. You're a done man, Conal Donelin, unless you can explain yourself."

UNCLE CONAL clawed at his collar. "You're a damn' gobskite!" He lifted his tankard and drained it at a draught, banging it down on the table and glaring at Blazes as if challenging him to do similarly.

I sipped my shandy. I was young enough to feel embarrassment at a quarrel between adults. I looked out over the bay, until suddenly I became aware that the table was shaking. My Uncle Conal's generous girth was pressed up against it, and he, like Blazes, was now laughing helplessly. For some time, the pair of them faced each other across the table, both laughing silently, and then my uncle began roaring aloud, so that people came to the windows of the hotel to see what the noise was about.

"Begob, Blazes, but that was a night!"

Blazes jerked his head in the direction of the sea. "D'ye feel like a dip now, is it? I'll look after your clothes for you."

This question set the pair of them to laughing again, and it was some time before my presence was remembered. Then Conal, throwing up his head in the middle of a bellow, caught my eye.

"Tell him, Blazes. He might just as well know the truth as go on to imagine the worst. You know what boys are." He poked his pipe in my ribs. "Not a word to yer aunt, mind!"

Blazes put a hand into his pocket and produced a large snuffbox. He took a pinch from it, ramming the snuff up his nostrils so violently that I am sure that this was how his nose had become so bulbous.

"Well, it was all Brick McKibbin's idea, d'ye see. Brick was at Trinity at the time. His father was the whiskey man, y'know. Oh, pots o' money, they had, pots of it. And one evenin' we were sittin' in Mutt Malone's, back at Stillorgan, wishin' that closin' time wasn't so early, when up drove young Brick in his father's flash car. He suggested a run down to Brayley, here.

"Well, we were game for anythin'. There was Conal, there was me, there was Brick, Corny Kehoe, and Tim O'Hanlon: five of us in all. We picked up a crate o' stout an' off we went."

"You're forgettin' the dog, Blazes."

"Oh, aye, now: the dog. A Kerry Blue, it was, though how it came to be there I never knew. I believe 'twas in the car when we got in. Anyway, however it got there, there it was, an' every man jack of us thought it belonged

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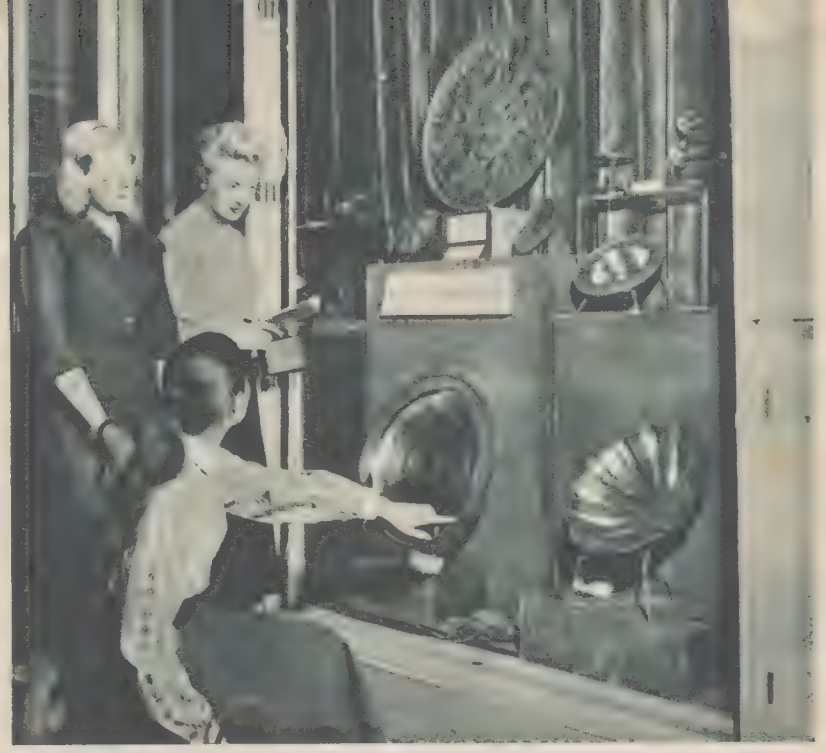
Amidships in this buried Saxon boat lay the treasure of Sutton Hoo. Rows of iron clench nails mark the position of planking which had rotted away



One of the finest treasures ever found in Britain, this hoard of Roman tableware lay hidden in a field at Mildenhall, Suffolk, for 1,500 years

You live on treasure island

Digging the garden, exploring a ruin . . . anyone might find a hoard of Britain's hidden gold

by REX GRIZELL

IN the summer of 1956 a three-man team equipped with a van and a trolley loaded with electrical equipment worked laboriously backwards and forwards across farmlands in the Wash area of Norfolk.

For the fourth time in thirty years the search was on for the treasure of gold and jewels which, history says, King John lost in the Wash in 1216. This time the treasure hunters had brought science to their aid. The three-man team took more than a thousand readings with a Megger Earth Tester, a machine which records the varying electrical resistance of different types of subsoil.

Somewhere beneath the reclaimed farmlands lies the causeway which the king's baggage train was using when it was overwhelmed by a sudden tide. The firmer ground of the causeway should give a different reading on the earth tester from the soft ground on either side.

Dr. George Tagg, chief research engineer of the firm which makes the Megger Earth Tester, says: "The survey appears to confirm our theory as to the location of the causeway across the old Wellstream. More detailed work will be necessary before this is finally established." The treasure could be worth about £2 million today.

"The British Isles is one of the richest treasure grounds in the world," says an authority on buried treasure. Over the last four hundred years the value of treasure found in Britain has averaged out at £15,000 annually. Before the Romans left round about 418 A.D. many of them buried valuables. They had been four hundred years in Britain and they expected to be back. When the Picts, Saxons, Danes, and Normans invaded England our forefathers buried their wealth for safety. At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries monks secreted their treasures. Both Roundheads and Royalists hid their valuables during the Civil War. Examples of all these treasures have been found, and experts believe that far more remain undiscovered.

On November 12, 1948, as Bob Williamson was ploughing Ken Hill Field, near the Royal estate at Sandringham, the plough dragged to the surface a mass of corroded, coppery-looking metal.

A week later an expert called in by a director of the firm which had been farming the land identified coins from the first century B.C. and gold necklets of Celtic origin. At the coroner's inquest the gold objects were found to be treasure trove, and were seized in the name of the King to be sent to the British Museum. Williamson was awarded £400. Two years later another ploughman, Tom Rout, turned up three large necklets, a bracelet and ring, nearly all of pure gold. In due course Rout received £1,850, the full market value of his finds.

Only objects of gold or silver which have been hidden in the soil, and of which the original owner cannot be traced, are treasure trove, and by law the property of the Crown. Anyone who finds such objects should report them to the district coroner, who will hold an inquest to decide whether the find is treasure trove, and who were the finders.

According to present practice a finder would receive either the find back, or a reward equal to its full market value. The reward always goes to the finder, even if he is a trespasser, and never to the person on whose land the find is made. A finder who attempts to conceal his discovery is likely to lose by it. This happened in the case of one of the finest treasures ever found in Britain. In 1942 a large hoard of Roman silver tableware was found by two men ploughing a field at Mildenhall, Suffolk. The discovery was not reported and it was not until 1946 that the treasure came to the notice of the British Museum and was acquired by them. Eventually a reward of £2,000 was paid, about one-twentieth of what would have been paid had the discovery been reported in the manner laid down.

In order for objects to rank as treasure trove, in addition to being gold or silver, the coroner must find that they were hidden "with intent to recover." This was not so with the greatest treasure ever found on British soil—the treasure of Sutton Hoo.

In the summer of 1939 on the east bank of the River Debden opposite Woodbridge, Suffolk, archaeologists found a rowing boat eighty feet long, buried beneath a tumulus. The central part of the boat contained a burial treasure consisting of the regalia of a Saxon king, coins of gold, numerous silver vessels, and many unique items of great historical interest.

The estimated value of the treasure, dating from 650 A.D. was about £1½ million. The coroner's jury decided that since it was part of a burial, the treasure had not been meant to be recovered and was not treasure trove. It was therefore legally the property of the owner of the land, Mrs. E. H. Pretty, whose interest in the tumuli in her grounds had led to the discovery.

Mrs. Pretty solved the difficulties created by this situation by giving the treasure to the nation. It is now in the British Museum.

SOMETIMES valuables do not rank as treasure trove because the original owner or a descendant can be traced. In 1953 three Bradford schoolboys playing in the ruins of a farmhouse found sovereigns, half sovereigns, and silver coins worth more than £1,000, hidden in bags made from old clothing. The coroner's jury, on the evidence of the dates on the coins, decided that they had been hidden by the wife of the former occupant. So the treasure was divided among her descendants—two sons, a daughter and three grandchildren — but the schoolboys received a reward.

Thousands of pounds have been lost on fruitless expeditions to raise treasure from sunken ships. In the course of years dozens of attempts have been made to salvage treasure from the Spanish galleon, Duque de Florencia, sunk in Tobermory Bay, Scotland, in 1588. So far little has been found.

The latest salvage attempt was in 1954, but even frogmen using up-to-date machinery were unsuccessful. THE END

Was fear really his only enemy? The forest would hold the answer

FACE OF DEATH

by OLAF RUHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MAUDSON

At around noon Bradding, at the head of the long file of men, reached the great limestone block that marked the edge of the New Guinea mountains. The block, as tall as a seven-storey building, stood between two unscalable cliffs. Down its face ran a broad water-worn channel, now dry.

The advance party had done its work well. Four slim trees had been felled against the limestone block. Across them short spars had been lashed horizontally at two-foot intervals, so that there was an enormous ladder reaching to the top.

As it appeared now, the negotiation of the barrier offered no considerable difficulty, and Bradding, for the twentieth time since the expedition had set out, marvelled at the expert generalship of the old campaigner, his district officer, Major Canley. In a few short weeks he had come dangerously close to hero worship, although Bradding was by no means a beginner in the Administration Service of the Australian Department of Territories, to which they both belonged.

This was, however, his first expedition into uncontrolled territory, where primitive man still lived by his savage, primitive principles. It was by no means a military expedition, but it brought a hint of discipline to the people beyond the edge of exploration as well as a promise of peace and protection. New advances were necessary at regular intervals because the more aggressive of the wild people from time to time made war upon those of their fellows who had been brought into the government fold.

With the rear of the column, Canley now appeared in the clearing. He at once advanced on the ladder, working backwards and forwards on the horizontals of the lower levels, inspecting every lashing. Only then did he come back to Bradding and sit down.

"Some of the boys are in bad shape, Ron," Canley said. "We'll send a party back."

"From here?" asked Bradding.

"No, we'll wait till we get to the top of the block," Canley decided. "I don't know what we're going to find there."

"Are you going to set up a guard?"

"I certainly am," said Canley. "And I'm going to send them up first. I don't anticipate interference, but the Mobali people up above have the reputation of being tough customers. They're connections of the Baraps, who know we are heading for Mobali country, and the chances are we're expected. Perhaps we'll strike trouble. . . ."

The sudden nightfall of the tropics found the party

At a bend in the trail one of the Barap men sat . . . quietly because he was quite dead

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Lady Pakenham

THREE years ago, when my husband and I were in Vienna on holiday, we were taken to dinner at the beer cellar made famous by the composer of the zither music for the film *The Third Man*; it was there that the music was first played. The zither made a wonderful accompaniment to the meal, which began with soup followed by a delicious Austrian dish of pimentoes stuffed with minced meat and served on rice with tomato sauce.

My husband was due to leave for Bonn that night and we were just about to dig into enormous helpings of apple strudel when he discovered that he had to catch a train in exactly ten minutes. We left our meal and rushed him to the station, just catching the train, then the rest of the party returned to finish our dinner.

During coffee I opened my handbag and found, to my horror, that I had two passports—my own and my husband's. There was, of course, nothing I could do about it, even though my friends were certain that he would not be able to get through the Russian sector, the Austrian Customs and the German Customs without a passport. Knowing my husband, I was sure that he would manage somehow.

My friends wanted me to remain in Vienna to await his return, but I decided to keep to the plan we had made and follow him to Bonn the next day.

Going through the Customs was a complicated procedure and I had to show my passport over and over again. Nevertheless, there at Bonn, waiting for me as arranged, was my husband.

When I questioned him, I discovered that he had not even realized that he had no passport. He was so sleepy when he got on the train that he had fallen asleep soon after the journey started, and not even the Russians had succeeded in waking him. As there was nothing in their book of rules about what to do with a sleeping man, they left him alone. He had travelled straight through what was then one of the world's most difficult areas without once being made to show any papers at all.

Here is a recipe for stuffed pimentoes

Ingredients: Four large green pimentoes; 1 lb. raw minced meat (mixture of pork and veal is best meat to use); three tablespoons cooked rice; one egg, beaten; salt and pepper; pinch of marjoram; touch of garlic.

Cut tops off the pimentoes, remove pips and cook in boiling water for about five minutes.

Mix together minced meat, seasoning, herbs, rice and egg. Stuff this filling into the four pimentoes. Place in hot oven in a little oil for about ten minutes while the sauce is cooking.

For the sauce: ½ lb. finely chopped onions; two sliced carrots; 1 lb. tomatoes, sliced; one pint meat stock; bay leaf; seasoning; teaspoon sugar; squeeze of lemon; a little cornflour to thicken.

Fry carrots, onions and bay leaf in oil until light brown. Add tomatoes and cook for a further five minutes. Add the stock and cook over a low heat for an hour. Then stir in seasoning, sugar, lemon and cornflour. Strain.

Cook the pimentoes in the sauce for half an hour. Serve with rice or boiled potatoes.

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camped at the top of the block in a narrow and fearful chasm, a vast cleft from which, to one side, they looked out over forested country.

Bradding, camped with Canley near where the guards were posted, was restless. The gorge, lit fitfully by spurts of flame from one or other of the little fires, was an awesome place, its atmosphere brooding. There was an utter stillness, which was emphasized rather than broken by the occasional muted sounds and movements amongst the police boys and carriers.

Twice, after they had finished their meal, Bradding got up and walked about the camp, watching the carriers bedding down, inspecting the guard, peering into the darkness. When he got up for the third time, Canley spoke sharply. "Sit down," he said. "Sit quiet.

"You've been prowling about like a cat in an earthquake," Canley complained. "If I thought that typical of you, I'd have left you behind. You'll get the men nervous, and God knows this place is enough to make them nervous without you helping to set them off."

"I'm sorry," Bradding said. "I wasn't thinking."

Canley waited, considering. Then he said: "We'd better have this out. It could get worse. You don't know how much these fellows"—he gestured in the direction of the posted guard—"look to you, or how quickly they can sum you up. If I think you are acting as if you are frightened, they will too. And you are acting as if you are frightened. Are you?"

Bradding didn't answer for a moment. He knew his man, and he judged that Canley's motive was a friendly one. He lit a cigarette and, with the match still burning, said carefully: "I don't think I'm frightened. I'm a bit strung up, perhaps."

"Can you tell me why?"

What a fantastic question! Bradding thought. *What a fantastic thing to be asked in this most fantastic of places.*

Aloud he said: "I suppose I could. It's a long story. I'm not actually afraid. At least, I don't think I'm afraid of the Mobali."

"No. You're afraid of being afraid, I suppose," Canley said, very quietly and sincerely. "Just inexperience, that's the problem. The solution comes to most people, sooner or later."

"I've wondered," Bradding said.

He waited a little while, but the older man said nothing, and the desire to talk rose in him.

"It goes right back to the war. I had an especially unlucky war, in a way," he went on. "Never saw it really. Floated round the fringes. I was a bomb-aimer in the air force, and got as far as the squadron, in England, in February, forty-five. My skipper was a great bloke—a Canadian.

"When he came to the squadron, we were on top of the world. He was the most popular new arrival there. The night he was to make his first operational flight over Germany, as second pilot with an experienced crew, we were all there to cheer him on. But he wasn't. He'd left the airfield and gone uptown, walked up to a policeman and hit him on the jaw.

"So, of course, they shot him out of the service, split his crew—that was us—and sent us back to operational training units. By the time I got a new skipper and went through all the training again, the European war was over."

"So you never knew about yourself? And you wondered?"

"That's right. Up to that time I hadn't worried, you know. I suppose I was a bit scared of the usual things—being shot down, being wounded—but I didn't worry, not until this skipper made me think. He had everything, you see, and he'd risked his life a hundred times before he got to the squadron. Just the same, when it came to the final test that he was keyed up for, he went and punched a policeman. So after that—well, it's just what you said. I'm frightened to death of showing yellow, I suppose. Until now I've never been up against it."

"I doubt that you're up against it now," Canley reasoned. "Even these patrols into uncontrolled territory are seldom anything to worry about. We could be up against it, as you say. But the greatest weapon you have is self-control. Learn to use it. About being afraid, I can't help you. It's possible that you'll show yellow, though I wouldn't think so. But your responsibility begins long before that. If the boys sense you have a fear, they won't analyse what that fear is. So keep control."

"Well, thanks, Jim," Bradding said. "I didn't realize I was giving myself away."

The transit of the gorge, from the limestone block to the country of low hills on which it opened four miles above, took most of the next day. Once through the gorge, they camped on cleared ground where native gardens had been maintained at an earlier date.

Early in the morning eight Barap carriers and interpreters, fresh from the last village, put a proposition to Bradding through the police interpreter, Samsamiap.

"Sir," said he, "these men wish to go ahead to the village of the Mobali which, they say, is only about an hour on the trail ahead. They say they will arrange a welcome."

"Tomorrow we will all go together," Bradding demurred.

"Sir, the Baraps say they have many friends among the Mobali. They say also that the Mobali, not knowing the government, will otherwise lay an ambush for all the party. If they go first, they will smooth the way."

"What's this?" asked Canley, walking up.

Bradding explained.

"It might not be a bad idea, at that," Canley said. "Ask them, Samsamiap, whether they will be certain of their welcome when it is known they have guided the government."

The answer was an affirmative.

"Then they can go," Canley decided. "But not all of them. We need interpreters in the camp, in case of visitors. Four may go and four stay, and those who go will come back to the camp before dark."

The Baraps went and did not return. Canley strengthened the night guards and settled himself silently. Long before morning light they ate their rations of rice and bully beef with the police and, with the first break of dawn, both Bradding and Canley were on the trail, supported by six of the armed constables.

They had been on the march about two hours when Samsamiap, who had been exchanging sentences with one of the two Baraps they had brought with them, tugged on Canley's shirt-sleeve.

"Sir," he said, "the Mobali village is close by." He pointed to a junction of trails ahead of them, where the path they were following was joined by a broader, more recently used way. "Along this path the Mobali women go for water."

The trail led between thick bamboo clumps, and now it turned and twisted, doubling back on itself every ten or twelve yards. At the fourth bend a Barap man sat, his back against a bamboo clump, his hands folded in his lap, his legs disposed neatly before him. He sat quietly because he was quite dead. Dried blood marked a spear wound in his chest.

Canley looked at Bradding, and Bradding was white. Canley said: "Bad show, eh?"

"It looks a bit dicey," Bradding agreed, and, with a jerky, convulsive movement, shouldered his way into the lead and walked on, stepping high over the outstretched legs of the dead man.

Round the next clump of bamboos sat the oldest Barap. He too was dead.

The track curved round the clump out of sight. Canley loosened the revolver in his holster. At the next two bends they found the other two Baraps, dead. Beyond the fourth man the track ran through an opening in a heavy palisade into a large village. Hesitating only momentarily, Bradding marched through.

There had been fires lit in two of the huts and blue smoke still drifted into the fresh and sunny air. A yellow dog ran suddenly into sight; a group of hens pecked busily by the palisade. There were no people anywhere.

"Nobody home," said Canley.

Bradding said nothing, but walked forward and up the steps of the largest building. He squatted before the door, squinting this way and that to see whether the door was guarded inside by hidden warriors.

He was deathly afraid, and he felt that his fear must be obvious. But all his companions saw was a man squatting, looking this way and that through a doorway.

CANLEY and a police boy named Ebargo were following up the steps when Bradding dived quickly through. They followed immediately, to find him standing alone, his back against the wall, in a great, shadowed room. It was quite empty.

There was little they could do in that deserted village, and after a while they returned to camp. For the rest of the day the police boys worked quietly on their weapons, singing sad little songs with an abandoned gaiety.

"Why do you think it happened?" Bradding asked.

"God knows," Canley said. "Probably the Mobali just don't like the idea of government."

The carriers sitting round the fires were afraid. Especially were the four remaining Barap men afraid.

"Anyway, it showed you something," Canley said. "I didn't see you showing yellow."

"Dead men don't fight," Bradding demurred. "I still haven't come face to face with anything like a real test. Not really. You see, there was nobody there in the village."

"There is only one enemy you have to beat, and he is yourself," Canley said. "The real enemy is never there. When you are ready for him, you find an empty village."

"I'll believe that when I meet an enemy face to face," Bradding said. "Are we going to chase these blokes tomorrow?"

"First I think we'll contact what other tribes there may be," Canley answered, following the switch readily. "Perhaps that will heap up trouble for us. Perhaps not. It would help to get

someone on our side, if that's possible."

In the morning they followed a new trail that penetrated deeply wooded country. They had gone perhaps seven miles when Bradding saw the faces in the undergrowth—three faces, briefly glimpsed.

The police boys saw them too. "*Kami, kami, kamio!*" they cried in greeting, facing the forest wall, and presently the men there began to make themselves apparent.

To the first who disclosed himself, Canley presented a knife. Soon they were faced by fifteen silent savages.

The man with the knife now answered Canley's questions through a long process of interpretation between Canley, Samsamiap, the eldest Barap villager and the new arrival.

"These are men of Sigibali," Samsamiap announced.

"Tell them we are the government," said Canley. "We would like to visit their village, to speak in friendship with their chief. We come as friends."

Surprisingly, the spokesman consented immediately, without consulting his companions. On his words the fourteen others turned and vanished silently in the forest. He led the way along the track, talking brightly to all and sundry, unconcerned that only the Baraps understood him.

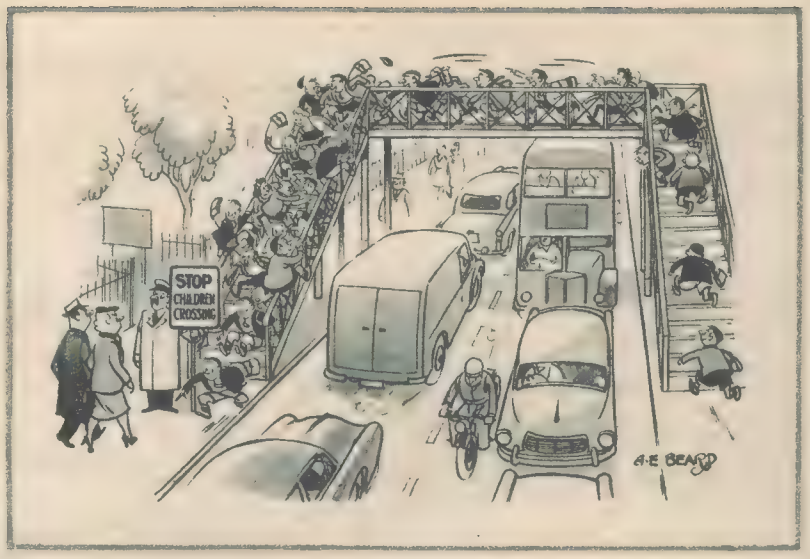
Soon they emerged from the thick forest and began to traverse the slope of a steep hillside, over ground so covered with roots and vines that it was more than ever a necessity to keep to the path. At the outermost extremity of the spur the track turned abruptly to the right and went uphill, following the ridge.

From the turn, Bradding, in the lead, could see directly above him and in plain view the heavy stockade of a fortified village. Behind it, fully armed men stood in silent expectancy. At the same time Bradding became acutely aware that the Sigibali guide was no longer in front of him, but was paying one of his periodical bright, chattering visits to the rear. The police were keen and thrusting behind Bradding, eager, spoiling for a fight. And this looked like a fight, he thought. It looked like treachery, like an ambush.

Bradding had a long struggle up the ridge—pushed up, it seemed to him, by the weight of opinion behind him. A little group had filed through the open gateway of the stockade. They were directly above him. Had one dislodged a pebble it must have struck him, and he was absolutely and entirely at their mercy.

Three men stood forward, dour and evil-looking. Their noses were pierced with heavy bone, their hair knotted up on their heads, their hands ready with their weapons. They were poised like hawks before the stoop. Bradding stopped before them at last, his eyes fixed on their faces, his hands empty, his brain conscious of his inadequacy.

But at that moment the Sigibali guide came up chattering like a magpie, and with him came the anti-climax of safety. The savage faces lightened. The men made way and motioned



Bradding into the village. From there, the visit was routine, and all the reactions were friendly, except that the Sigibali, when they were questioned, pretended to an ignorance of the Mobali people, of their habits and their whereabouts.

The company camped that night within the stockade, and in the morning, having established that only the Mobali and the Sigibali inhabited the district, they retraced their steps to the staging camp in the garden.

Now there was nothing for them to do but take out patrols until they discovered the hiding place of the Mobali.

"I don't know what other plans we can make," Canley said. "Somewhere the Mobali will have a secondary village, a hide-out big enough for us to find."

In the mornings, Bradding, and, in the afternoons, Canley took five police boys and combed the trails, returning to trace on a rough map the route each had followed. By the third day they had traversed for a reasonable distance each of the main trails and the more evident tributary paths.

"You're making a good job of it," Canley told Bradding. "You're doing all right."

"I still get butterflies in the stomach, though," Bradding admitted. "I still haven't seen the enemy."

"What about the Sigibali? Going up the hill? That was a bit touchy, if you ask me."

"But there wasn't any enemy," Bradding argued. "I only thought there was."

Canley grunted and changed the subject.

Next morning Bradding was only half a mile from the village, following a track they had used several times, when the sergeant with him stopped. There was a drift of leafy creepers hanging from the trees and he swept them aside like a curtain. Behind, a thin track led off at right angles.

They followed this new trail nearly three miles until suddenly it ran into a network of other trails, these broadly defined. Away off to the right a human voice was lifted.

"Run, master!" called the sergeant from behind Bradding. "Run quickly! We will find them." His eyes were bright, his voice eager.

Bradding obediently raced round the corner of the track and immediately came upon a collection of four large houses and a confusion of running, of figures disappearing among the trees. But already, in front of the largest house, was a nucleus of men standing armed—a nucleus growing rapidly.

Here at last were the Mobali. Here at last was Bradding face to face with his enemy.

As soon as he stopped, the Mobali, shouting and posturing, rushed towards him. They clustered about a leader, a big man, well-proportioned and heavy, a man with a lined and cruel face. In the glimpse he had, Bradding read the utmost determination on that face.

"Above their heads!" Bradding yelled. "Ready! Fire!"

The short and ragged volley sounded like artillery in the silence of the bush, and it worked a near miracle, for the charging crowd stopped short and turned tail, running for the trees. Only the leader came on and threw his spear, and switched his stone club from his left hand to his right.

In the same instant Bradding dived for the man. The spear ripped across his left arm, just below the short sleeve of his shirt. But simultaneously, or so it seemed, Bradding smashed his revolver at the man's temple. The savage fell with Bradding clinging to him and, while he was falling, an arrow came from the shelter of the trees, passed between his legs and sank deeply into the native's thigh. The native lay still when he hit the ground and, as Bradding rose, the sergeant appeared at his elbow.

"Sir, you are hit," he said. "I'll look after this fellow. You get in the shelter of the house."

Bradding looked about him. Already two natives were handcuffed to each other with a tree between them. Except for the sergeant, not a policeman was in sight. Then two ran back into the clearing, bringing two more prisoners, one with a bayonet wound in his leg. There were arrows striking into the clearing.

Suddenly Bradding felt the stickiness of alien blood on his leg, and looked to his capture. The arrow still stuck in the chief's thigh below the groin, and blood welled rhythmically up the shaft. An arrow had found an artery.

Bradding dropped to his knees. It was a hunting arrow with a single broad blade of razor-sharp bamboo and its removal presented no problems. While he worked, the shower of shafts from the surrounding trees thickened, but Bradding, his hands laved with the great arterial gushes of blood from the chief's thigh, took no notice. He had stripped off his belt and was applying a tourniquet at the groin. The sergeant shouted orders to his police.

Then began a slow, queer dance behind Bradding. "What the hell are you doing, Sergeant?" he snarled. He spared a moment from his ministrations and looked up. With the chief's cane body armour, the sergeant was skipping about, protecting his master from the flying arrows.

There were shots in the forest, and the arrows ceased. The police returned with four prisoners.

"Good work," said Bradding. The police boys grinned their pleasure.

Canley came in later, bringing a few more prisoners and his congratulations.

"No casualties," he said. "That's grand. None to speak of, anyway, except for that arm of yours."

"The arm's nothing," said Bradding. "Nothing at all. Old Bullface here's a lot worse off." He indicated the recumbent chief.

"Ah, but he had that from one of his friends," Canley pointed out. "We're not accountable. He looks something of a rogue."

"He's a brave man," Bradding said. "He didn't run."

"You won't misunderstand me," Canley said, "if I point out that you didn't either. And you came face to face with your enemy at last."

"It wasn't a fair test," Bradding said, frowning. "I was much too busy to think of anything else. You can't tell how a man is going to act. There's no way of knowing. But the way it happened today, I hadn't time to do anything except what I did."

Canley looked over into the distance and permitted himself a smile. "Come to think of it," he said, "I don't suppose you ever will." THE END

SLEEP—1

Sleep is the best friend of humanity, and, like all other friends, it is best estimated in its loss.

H. W. Longfellow

Fine feathers down on the farm

Continued from page 21

morning, when I set out gloomily on a feeding round, I found it sitting patiently beside its aviary waiting to be let in."

The maternal instinct differs widely among various species of birds; the hen of a pair of Princess of Wales Parakeets was in the habit of eating her eggs as soon as they were laid on the shallow wooden saucer inside the nest box. Boosey had a hole bored in the centre of the saucer through which the eggs dropped into a drawer filled with sawdust. "I transferred the eggs to foster parents who had more conventional ideas of bringing up a family," he says.

In August, 1956, a small aviary was blown over, and he went to assess the damage. A nest box containing a brood of young parakeets was thrown on its side but the resourceful hen had re-arranged her young on the side of the box and was still sitting on them.

Boosey and Brooksbank both live on the farm premises and supervise the activities of a small staff in attending to the needs of the birds and supplying the aviaries with food and water. In an average year the birds consume 18 tons of millet and canary seed, a ton of carrots, 12 cwt. of groundnuts, 80 gallons of gentles, and more than a thousand loaves of stale bread.

With few exceptions the local wild birds take little notice of the highly coloured aliens in their midst and the aviaries usually provide ample protection from natural enemies. But when Boosey disturbed a group of magpies clustering on the roof of an aviary, he discovered that the occupant, a rare young parakeet, had been pecked to death through the wire. "After that we declared war on the magpies."

Foreign birds bred in captivity tend to accept the local climate as their own, but those imported to the Keston farm during the spring and summer are kept in heated aviaries and acclimatized to outdoor life for a month before they are put on the market.

Once they are used to aviary life the birds show little desire to return to a wild state; a flock of Cuban finches which escaped from their aviary at the farm remained in the near vicinity, Brooksbank placed a pot of seed just inside the door of the flight compartment, and by evening all the finches had returned to their perches. Boosey often has to refuse the requests of casual sightseers to inspect the farm. "The birds are unsettled by strange people, particularly when they are breeding."

Bird keeping has grown immensely popular in Britain during the last ten years. Apart from the thousands of people who keep pet budgerigars, canaries, or lovebirds, there are 1,200 local cagebird societies in the country, catering largely for amateur breeders, and 100 specialist societies, including the Budgerigar Society, with a membership of 30,000. "Birds are subject to few diseases," says Boosey, "and they can be conveniently kept in a restricted space."

All the birds which are sent overseas from the farm travel by air, with adequate supplies for the trip, but Boosey often finds it difficult to overcome the import restrictions imposed by nearly every country on birds of the parrot tribe. Recently a London society hostess visited the farm to buy a pair of Rainbow Budgerigars. She told Boosey that she was taking the birds to New York on behalf of an American friend. But a few days after she sailed, the birds arrived back at the farm.

Later, she explained that in the course of the trip she had changed boats at Dublin, which had involved a walk of a few hundred yards along the quayside to a ship in the next berth.

The Irish immigration authorities had refused to allow the "import" of the birds. THE END

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Continued from page 14

an unknown young woman coming from abroad and getting herself killed here?"

"Well, that's rather a point," said Craddock. "Why did she come here? Had she once had some connection with this house? Had she been, for instance, a servant here at one time? A lady's maid, for instance? Or did she come here to meet a former occupant of Rutherford Hall——"

Mr. Wilborne said coldly that Rutherford Hall had been occupied by the Crackenthorpes ever since Josiah Crackenthorpe built it in 1884.

"And the present Mr. Crackenthorpe has never thought of selling the house?"

"He is unable to do so," said the lawyer dryly. "By the terms of his father's will."

"Perhaps you'll tell me about the will?"

Mr. Wilborne gave a crabbed little smile. "There is no mystery about it. He left his very considerable fortune in trust, the income from it to be paid to his son Luther for life, and after Luther's death the capital to be divided equally between Luther's children, Edmund, Cedric, Harold, Alfred, Emma and Edith. Edmund was killed in the war, and Edith died four years ago, so that on Luther Crackenthorpe's decease the money will be divided between Cedric, Harold, Alfred, Emma and Edith's son, Alexander Eastley."

"And the house?"

"That will go to Luther Crackenthorpe's eldest surviving son, or his issue."

"Was Edmund married?"

"No."

"So the property will actually go to——?"

"The next son—Cedric."

"Mr. Luther Crackenthorpe himself cannot dispose of it?"

"No."

"And he has no control of the capital?"

"No."

"Isn't that rather unusual? I suppose," said Inspector Craddock shrewdly, "that his father didn't like him."

"You suppose correctly," said Mr. Wilborne. "Old Josiah was disappointed that his eldest son showed no interest in the family business—or indeed in business of any kind. Luther spent his time travelling abroad and collecting *objets d'art*. Old Josiah was very unsympathetic to that kind of thing. So he left his money in trust for the next generation."

"But in the meantime the next generation have no income except what they make, or what their father allows them, and their father has a considerable capital but no power of disposal of it?"

"Exactly. And what all this has to do with the murder of an unknown young woman of foreign origin I cannot imagine."

"It doesn't seem to have anything to do with it," Inspector Craddock agreed promptly. "I just wanted to ascertain all the facts."

Mr. Wilborne rose to his feet. "I am proposing now to return to London," he said. "Unless there is anything further you wish to know?"

"No, thank you, sir."

The sound of the gong rose *fortissimo* from the hall outside. . . .

Lucy had gone straight to the kitchen on getting back from the inquest, and was busy with preparations for lunch when Bryan Eastley put his head in. He said: "Can I give you a hand in any way? I'm handy about the house."

Lucy gave him a quick, slightly preoccupied glance. Bryan had arrived at the inquest direct in his small M.G. car and she had not as yet had much time to size him up.

What she saw was likeable enough. Eastley was an amiable-looking young man of thirty-odd with brown hair, rather plaintive blue eyes and an enormous fair moustache.

"The boys aren't back yet," he said, sitting on the end of the kitchen table.

Lucy smiled at him. "They were certainly determined not to miss anything."

"Can't blame them. I mean to say—first inquest in their young lives and right in the family, so to speak."

"Do you mind getting off the table, Mr. Eastley? I want to put the baking dish down there." Bryan obeyed.

Her immediate preoccupations over, Lucy looked at him with more attention.

It struck her that there was something strangely forlorn about Bryan Eastley. Looking closely at him, she realized that he was older than she had at first thought. He must be close on forty. Lucy recalled what she had heard from Emma. "You were a fighter pilot, weren't you?" she said. "You've got a D.F.C."

"That's the sort of thing that puts you wrong. You've got a gong and so people try to make it easy for you. Give you a job and all that. Very decent of them. But they're all admin. jobs. I've had ideas of my own, but you can't get the backing. If I had a bit of capital. . . ."

He brooded. "You didn't know Edie, did you—my wife? No, of course you didn't. She was quite different from all this lot. Younger, for one thing. She was in the W.A.A.F. She always said her old man was crackers. He is, you know. Mean as hell over money. And it's not as though he could take it with him. It's got to be divided up when he dies. Edie's share will go to Alexander, of course. He won't be able to touch the capital until he's twenty-one, though."

At that moment Alexander and Stoddart-West arrived with rosy faces and very much out of breath.

"Hallo, Bryan," said Alexander kindly to his father. "So this is where you've got to. I say, what a smashing piece of beef. Is there Yorkshire pudding?"

"Yes, there is," said Lucy.

"We have awful Yorkshire pudding at school—all damp and limp."

"Get out of my way," said Lucy. "I want to make the gravy."

"She's a smashing cook," said Alexander to his father. Then he said to Lucy: "There's a Scotland Yard man here. Do you think he will have lunch with us?"

"That depends on what your aunt arranges," said Lucy.

At that moment the gong took charge. Stoddart-West was an artist. He gave it everything he had.

The only people who really did justice to Lucy's excellent lunch were the two boys and Cedric Crackenthorpe, who appeared completely unaffected by the circumstances which had caused him to return to England. He seemed, indeed, to regard the whole thing as a rather good joke of a macabre nature.

This attitude, Lucy noted, was most unpalatable to his brother Harold. Emma looked worried and unhappy and ate very little. Alfred seemed lost in a train of thought of his own. He was rather a good-looking man with a thin, dark face and eyes set rather too close together.

After lunch the police officers returned and politely asked if they could have a few words with Mr. Cedric Crackenthorpe.

INSPECTOR CRADDOCK was very pleasant and friendly. "Sit down, Mr. Crackenthorpe. I understand you have just come back from the Balearics. You live out there?"

"Have done for the last six years. In Iviza. Suits me better than this dreary country."

"You get a good deal more sunshine than we do, I expect," said Inspector Craddock agreeably. "You were home not so very long ago, I understand—for Christmas. What made it necessary for you to come back again so soon?"

"Got a wire from Emma—my sister. We've never had a murder on the premises before. Didn't want to miss anything—so along I came. Besides, I thought poor old Em might need a spot of help—managing the old man and the police and all the rest of it."

"I see. I've no doubt your sister will be very grateful to you—although her two other brothers have also come to be with her."

"But not to cheer and comfort," Cedric told him. "Harold is terrifically put out. It's not at all the thing for a city magnate to be mixed up with the murder of a questionable female."

Craddock's eyebrows rose gently. "Was she a questionable female?"

"Well, you're the authority on that point. Going by the facts, it seemed to me likely."

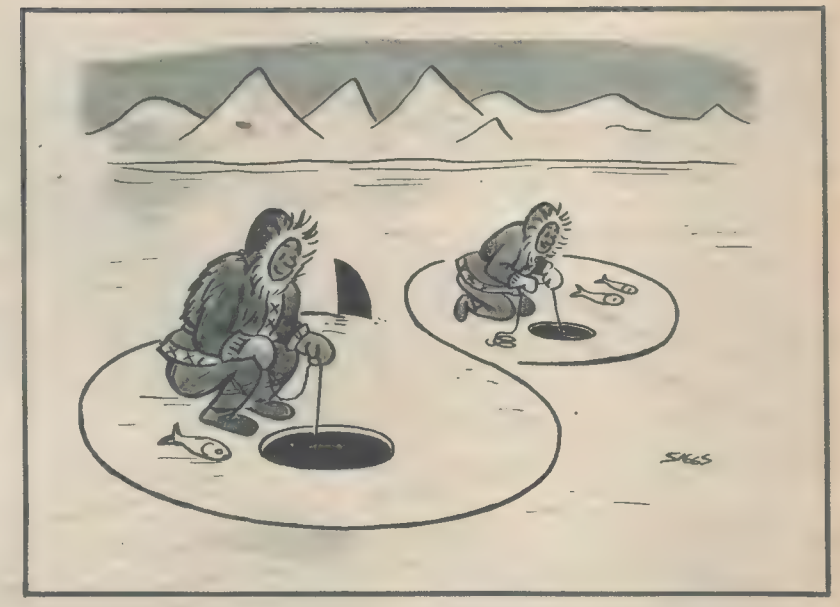
"I thought perhaps you might have been able to make a guess at who she was?"

"Come now, Inspector, you already know—or your colleague will tell you—that I haven't been able to identify her."

"I said a guess, Mr. Crackenthorpe. Our point is—Inspector Bacon agrees with me—that the woman may once have had some association with this house. It may have been a considerable number of years ago."

Cedric thought a moment or two, then shook his head. "We've had foreign help from time to time, like most people, but I can't think of any likely possibility. Better ask the others—they'd know more than me."

"We shall do that, of course." Craddock leaned back in his chair and went on: "As you have heard at the inquest, the medical evidence cannot fix the time of death very accurately. Longer than two weeks, less than four—which brings it somewhere around Christmas time. You have told me you came home for Christmas. When did



SLEEP—2

Great eaters and great sleepers are incapable of anything else that is great.

Henry IV of France

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you arrive in England and when did you leave?"

"Let me see . . . I flew. Got here on the Saturday before Christmas—that would be the twenty-first, and I flew back on the following Friday, the twenty-seventh."

Inspector Craddock said politely: "Well, thank you. That will be all. . . ."

"And what do you think of him?" Craddock asked when Cedric had gone.

Bacon grunted. "Cocky enough for anything," he said. "I don't care for the type, myself. A loose-living lot, these artists, and very likely to be mixed up with a disreputable class of woman. If you ask me, he's the kind that would easily strangle a woman and make no bones about it."

"Well, he didn't strangle this one—if he didn't leave Majorca until the twenty-first. And that's a thing we can verify easily enough."

Bacon threw him a sharp glance. "I notice that you're not tipping your hand yet about the date of the crime."

"No, we'll keep that dark for the present," Craddock said. "I always like to have something up my sleeve in the early stages. And now we'll see what our correct City gentleman has to say about it all."

HAROLD CRACKENTHORPE, thin-lipped, had little to say. It was most distasteful—a very unfortunate incident.

The inspector's probing produced no result. No, he had no idea who the woman was or could be. Yes, he had been at Rutherford Hall for Christmas. He had been unable to come down until Christmas Eve—but had stayed on over the following weekend.

"That's that, then," said Inspector Craddock, without pressing his questions further. He had already decided that Harold Crackenthorpe was not going to be helpful.

He passed on to Alfred, who came into the room with a nonchalance that seemed just a trifle overdone.

Craddock looked at Alfred Crackenthorpe with a faint feeling of recognition. Surely he had seen this particular member of the family somewhere before? Or had it been his picture in the paper?

Craddock passed pleasantly on to his routine questions. Alfred seemed interested—even slightly amused. "It's quite an idea, that the woman might once have had a job here," he said. "We've had Poles—and a temperamental German or two. But as Emma definitely didn't recognize the woman, I think that washes your idea out, Inspector—Emma's got a very good memory for a face. No, if the woman came from London . . . what gives you the idea she came from London, by the way?"

Inspector Craddock smiled and shook his head.

"Not telling, eh? Return ticket in her coat pocket, perhaps, is that it?"

"It could be, Mr. Crackenthorpe."

"Well, granting she came from London, perhaps the chap she came to meet had the idea that the Long Barn would be a nice quiet place to do a quiet murder. He knows the set-up here, evidently. I should go looking for *him* if I were you, Inspector."

"We are," said Inspector Craddock, and made the two little words sound quiet and confident. He thanked Alfred and dismissed him.

"You know," he said to Bacon, "I've seen him somewhere before."

Inspector Bacon gave his verdict. "Sharp customer," he said. "So sharp that he cuts himself sometimes. . . ."

"I don't suppose you want to see me," said Bryan Eastley apologetically, coming into the room and hesitating by the door. "I don't exactly belong to the family——"

"Let me see, you are Mr. Bryan Eastley, the husband of Miss Edith Crackenthorpe, who died five years ago?"

"That's right."

"Well, it's very kind of you, Mr. Eastley, especially if you know something that you think could assist us in some way?"

"But I don't. Wish I did." Bryan paused. "Is it true that she was a foreigner? Word seems to have got round to that effect."

"Does that suggest anything to you?"

"No, it doesn't as a matter of fact."

"Maybe she was French," said Inspector Bacon. "Nobody in the family got any French connections, or—or—relationships that you know of?"

Bryan said that the Crackenthorpes weren't a very gay lot.

"Harold's respectably married," he said. "Fish-faced woman, some impoverished peer's daughter. Don't think Alfred cares about women much—spends his life going in for shady deals which usually go wrong in the end. I daresay Cedric's got a few Spanish *señoritas* jumping through

hoops for him in Iviza—women rather fall for Cedric. . . . I say, I'm not being very helpful, am I?"

Inspector Craddock said something non-committal. He thanked Bryan Eastley and said he would like to speak to Miss Emma Crackenthorpe.

Inspector Craddock looked with more attention at Emma Crackenthorpe than he had done previously. She seemed one of those comfortable, pleasant women whom men were inclined to take for granted, and who had the art of making a house into a home, giving it an atmosphere of restfulness and quiet harmony.

While these thoughts were passing through his head, he was asking various unimportant questions.

"As Mr. Wilborne perhaps told you, we have reached the conclusion that the dead woman was not a native of these parts. That may be a relief to you—Mr. Wilborne seemed to think it would be—but it makes it really more difficult for us. She's less easily identified."

"But didn't she have anything—a handbag? Papers?"

Craddock shook his head. "No handbag, nothing in her pockets."

"You've no idea of her name—of where she came from — anything at all?"

Craddock thought to himself: *She wants to know—she's very anxious to know—who the woman is.*

"We know nothing about her," he said. "That's why we hoped one of you could help us. Are you sure you can't? Even if you didn't recognize her—can you think of anyone she might be?"

He thought, but perhaps he imagined it, that there was a very slight pause before she answered.

"I've absolutely no idea," she said.

CRADDOCK looked towards Inspector Bacon. The latter leaned forward and presented a small enamel powder compact.

"Do you recognize this, Miss Crackenthorpe?"

"No. It's certainly not mine."

"You've no idea to whom it belonged?"

"No."

"Then I don't think we need worry you any more—for the present."

"Thank you." She smiled briefly at them, got up, and left the room. Again he may have imagined it, but Craddock thought she moved rather quickly, as though a certain relief hurried her.

"Think she knows anything?" asked Bacon.

Inspector Craddock said ruefully: "At a certain stage one is inclined to think everyone knows a little more than they are willing to tell you. Well, at least——"

But whatever Inspector Craddock had been about to say never got said, for the door was flung open and old Mr. Crackenthorpe shuffled in in a high state of indignation.

"A pretty pass," he said. "Things have come to a pretty pass when Scotland Yard comes down and doesn't have the courtesy to talk to the head of the family first. Who's the master of this house, I'd like to know? Answer me that? Who's master here?"

"You are, of course, Mr. Crackenthorpe," said Craddock soothingly and rising as he spoke. "But we understood that you had already told Inspector Bacon all you knew, and that your health not being good, we must not make too many demands upon it. Dr. Quimper said——"

"I dare say—I dare say. I'm not a strong man. . . . As for Dr. Quimper, he's a regular old woman—perfectly good doctor, understands my case—but inclined to wrap me up in cotton wool. Got a bee in his bonnet about food. Went on at me Christmas time when I had a bit of a turn—what did I eat, when, who cooked it, who served it, fuss, fuss, fuss. Talked as though someone had poisoned me.

"But though I may have indifferent health, I'm well enough to give you all the help that's in my power. What do you want to know? What's your present theory?"

"I think it's a little too early for

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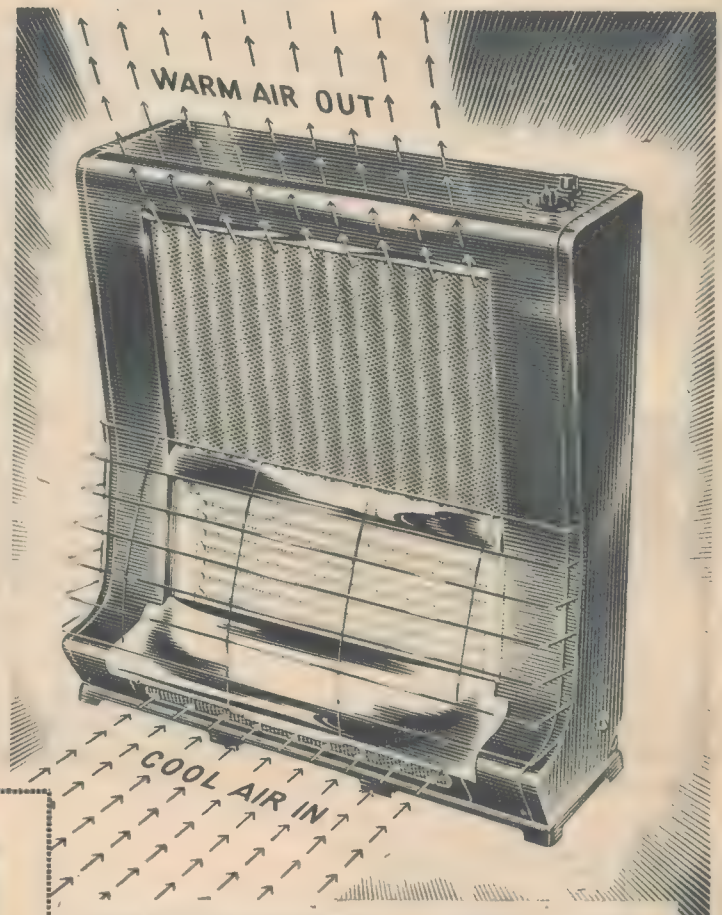

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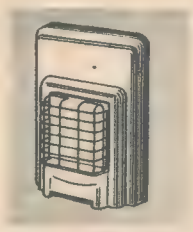

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"I should warn you—the wife's a tiny bit house-proud"

theories, Mr. Crackenthorpe. We are still trying to find out who the woman was."

"Foreigner, you say?"

"We think so."

"Enemy agent?"

"Unlikely, I should say."

"You'd say—you'd say! All right, if she wasn't a spy, who do you think she was? Think she was mixed up with one of my precious sons? It would be Alfred, if so. Not Harold, he's too careful. And Cedric doesn't condescend to live in this country. All right, then, she was Alfred's bit of skirt. And some fellow followed her down here, thinking she was coming to meet him and did her in. How's that?"

Inspector Craddock said diplomatically that it was certainly a theory. But Mr. Alfred Crackenthorpe, he said, had not recognized her.

"Pah! Afraid, that's all. Alfred always was a coward. But he's a liar, remember—always was. Lie himself black in the face. None of my sons are any good. Crowd of vultures, waiting for me to die, that's their real occupation in life." He chuckled. "And they can wait. I won't die to oblige *them*. Well, if that's all I can do for you. . . ."

He shuffled out again.

"Alfred's bit of skirt?" said Bacon questioningly. "In my opinion the old man just made that up." He hesitated. "Anything more you want here?"

Craddock said there wasn't.

Bacon suggested coming back to Brackhampton and having a cup of tea—but Inspector Craddock said that he was going to call on an old acquaintance. . . .

Miss Marple smiled at Inspector Dermot Craddock. "I'm so glad," she said, "that you have been assigned to the case. I hoped you would be."

"When I got your letter," said Craddock, "I took it straight to the Assistant Commissioner. As it happened, he had just heard from the Brackhampton people, calling us in. They seemed to think it wasn't a local crime. The A.C. was very interested in what I had to tell him about you. He'd heard about you, I gather, from my uncle."

"Dear Sir Henry," murmured Miss Marple affectionately.

"And now," said Craddock, "where do we go from here? This is not, as you probably appreciate, an official visit. I thought you and I might take down our back hair together first."

Miss Marple smiled at him. "I'm sure," she said, "that nobody who only knows you officially would ever guess that you could be so human. Now what have you been told so far?"

"I've got everything, I think. Your friend Mrs. McGillicuddy's original statement to the police at St. Mary Mead, confirmation of her statement by the ticket collector, and also the note to the stationmaster at Brackhampton. I wish she hadn't gone to Ceylon. We're arranging for her to be interviewed there, by the way, but I don't think we'll get anywhere with the case—until we identify the body."

"And that may be difficult?"

"Oh, we'll get there—in the end. We're checking up on all the reported disappearances of a woman of that age and appearance. There's nobody outstanding who fits the bill. The M.O. puts her down as about thirty-five, healthy, probably a married woman, has had at least one child.

"Her fur coat is a cheap one purchased at a London store. Hundreds of such coats were sold in the last three months, about sixty per cent of them to blonde women. No salesgirl can recognize the photograph of the dead woman, or is likely to if the purchase were made just before Christmas.

"Her other clothes seem mainly of foreign manufacture, mostly purchased in Paris. There are no English laundry marks. We've communicated with Paris and they are checking up there for us. Sooner or later, of course, someone will come forward with a missing relative or lodger. It's just a matter of time."

"The compact wasn't any help?"

"Unfortunately, no. That's French, too, but it's a type sold by the

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hundred in the rue de Rivoli, quite cheap. By the way, you ought to have turned that over to the police at once, you know—or rather Miss Eyelesbarrow should have done so."

Miss Marple shook her head. "But at that moment there wasn't any question of a crime having been committed," she pointed out. "If a young lady, practising golf shots, picks up an old compact of no particular value in the long grass, surely she doesn't *rush* straight off to the police with it?" She paused, and then added firmly: "I thought it *much* wiser to find the body first."

Inspector Craddock was tickled. "You don't seem to have ever had any doubts but that it would be found?"

"I was sure it would. Lucy Eyelesbarrow is a most efficient and intelligent person."

"I'll say she is. She scares me, she's so devastatingly efficient. No man will ever dare marry that girl."

"Now you know, I wouldn't say *that*. . . . It would have to be a special type of man, of course." Miss Marple brooded on this thought a moment. "How is she getting on at Rutherford Hall?"

"They're completely dependent upon her as far as I can see. Eating out of her hand—literally, as you might say. By the way, they know nothing about her connection with you. We've kept that dark."

"She has no connection now with me. She has done what I asked her."

"So she could hand in her notice and go if she wanted to?"

"Yes."

"But she stops on. Why?"

"She has not mentioned her reasons to me. She is a very intelligent girl. I suspect that she has become interested."

"In the problem? Or the family?"

"It may be," said Miss Marple, "that it is rather difficult to separate the two."

Craddock looked hard at her. "Have you got anything particular in mind?"

"Oh, no—oh, dear me, no."

Dermot Craddock sighed. "So all I can do is to 'prosecute my inquiries'—to put it in jargon. A policeman's life is a dull one."

"You'll get results, I'm sure," said Miss Marple.

"Any ideas for me? More inspired guesswork?"

"I was thinking of things like theatrical companies," said Miss Marple rather vaguely. "Touring from place to place and perhaps not many home ties. One of those young women would be much less likely to be missed."

"Yes. Perhaps you've got something there. We'll pay special attention to that angle. . . ."

"I simply can't make you out," said Cedric Crackenthorpe. He eased himself down on the decaying wall of a long-derelict pig-sty and stared at Lucy.

"What can't you make out?"

"What you're doing here."

"I'm earning my living."

"You can't like all the things you have to do—cooking and making beds and whirring about with a Hoopla or whatever you call it, and sinking your arms up to the elbows in greasy water."

Lucy laughed. "Not the details, perhaps. But cooking satisfies my creative instincts, and there's something in me that really revels in clearing up mess."

"I live in a permanent mess," said Cedric. "I like it," he added defiantly.

"You look as though you did." Some bricks fell out of the pig-sty wall into its nettle-ridden depths. "And this place," Lucy went on, "why has it been allowed to get into the state it's in? It can't only be the war?"

"You'd like to tidy this up, too, I suppose? What an interfering female you are. I quite see now why you *would* be the person to discover a body. You even couldn't leave a Greco-Roman sarcophagus alone." He paused and then went on. "No, it's not only the war. It's my father. What do you think of him, by the way?"

"I haven't had much time for thinking."

"Don't evade the issue. He's as mean as hell, and in my opinion a bit crazy as well. Of course he hates all of us—except perhaps Emma. That's because of my grandfather's will."

Lucy looked inquiring.

"My grandfather was the man who mada-da-monitch. A lot of money—out of pickles. But the time came when Father intimated that he had a soul above that sort of thing. He travelled in Italy and the Balkans and Greece and dabbled in art. My grandfather was peeved, so left all his money in trust for his grandchildren.

"Father had the income for life, but he couldn't touch the capital. Do you know what he did? He stopped spending money. He came here and began to save. I'd say that by now he's accumulated nearly as big a fortune as my grandfather left. . . And in the meantime all of us—Harold, myself, Alfred and Emma — haven't got a penny of Grandfather's money. I'm a stony-broke painter. Harold went into business and is now a prominent man in the City—he's the one with the money-making touch, though I've heard rumours that he's in Queer Street lately. Alfred—well, Alfred is usually known in the privacy of the family as Flash Alf——"

"Why?"

"What a lot of things you want to know! The answer is that Alf is the black sheep of the family. He's not actually been to prison yet, but he's been very near it."

"Isn't it rather unwise to tell strangers all these things?"

"Why? Are you a police spy?"

"I might be."

"I don't think so. You were here slaving away before the police began taking an interest in us. I should say——" He broke off as his sister Emma came through the door of the kitchen garden. "Hallo, Em. You're looking very perturbed."

"I am. I want to talk to you, Cedric."

"I must get back to the house," said Lucy tactfully.

"Don't go," said Cedric. "Murder has made you practically one of the family."

"I've got a lot to do," said Lucy. "I only came out to get some parsley."

She beat a rapid retreat to the kitchen garden. Cedric's eyes followed her. "Good-looking girl," he said. "Who is she really?"

"Oh, she's quite well known," said Emma. "She's made a speciality of this kind of thing. But never mind Lucy Eyelesbarrow, Cedric, I'm terribly worried. Apparently the police think that this girl was a foreigner, perhaps French. . . . Cedric, you don't think that she could possibly be—*Martine?*"

To be continued next week

Railway Arch

by DOUGLAS GIBSON

Under this arch they have left
their names,
Who sheltered from people or
wind and rain,
And kissed and cut their
extravagant claims
On the grimy bricks: hearts and
names entwined
By love designed.

What became of their love? Does
it still live on
In other places, familiar, strange,
Or blown like the smoke from a
passing train
On the heartless years, soon lost
and gone
On the tide of toil and time and
change,
Yet still is bright in these two
names
"Margaret, James"?

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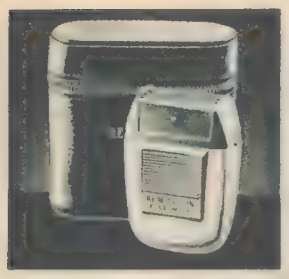

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Uncle Conal and the state of nature

continued from page 23

to one of the others, till we got to Brayley here.

"A beautiful evenin' it was, too, late in the summer, an' just turnin' dark as we drove on to the prom, here, and parked just at the end, yonder. An' down on to the beach went the five of us, luggin' the crate o' stout between us. We'd locked the dog in the car.

"Well, we sat ourselves there, beside that slipway, there." He turned in his seat and pointed to one of the several slipways that ran from below the promenade. "Then Brick makes his announcement. 'Now, gentlemen,' says he, 'I've got somethin' very special here tonight. I'd like you to sample me father's latest blend.' An' out of his pockets he fetches two bottles o' malt.

"Well, a right beautiful blend it was, too, we soon discovered. We whacked into it right royally. And 'twas after we'd downed a drop or two of that malt that things started happenin'. First off, Corny starts to sing. Then Tim O'Hanlon jumps up on the slipway an' starts to swing himself like Tarzan. Brick and meself fall quietly to discussin' original sin, and Conal suddenly ups and says he's goin' to have a dip. And that's exactly what he does, too—throws off his duds an' walks straight into the Irish Sea naked as the day he was born."

"Did you run away with his clothes?" I asked Blazes.

"We did not. The idea never even entered our heads. We just watched him bobbin' up an' down in the water, an' listened to his puffin' and blowin' till he swam away out of sight."

"Didn't you get worried about him?"

"Worried? Hah, sure, there was no danger of him drownin', at all. Too fat altogether. 'Twould have taken a torpedo to sink Conal. We never gave him a thought. No, we finished the malt, an' started in on the stout. And then suddenly a bit of a wind got up, and it turned chill, so off we went back up to the promenade again. And there we sat, the four of us, discussin' how it was that evil had come into the world."

My Uncle Conal belched rudely.

"And then, durin' a pause in the argument, we heard voices comin' from the opposite end of the prom.

"'Well, then,' says one of the voices, 'you'd better find them clothes quick, me lad, or it's inside I'm takin' yez.'

"'I tell you 'twas the tide carried me down,' says the other voice.

"'Bejabers,' says Corny, sittin' beside me, "tis Conal.' And then, what should loom up out o' the darkness, but the strangest sight o' that summer: the mountain o' flesh himself, here, with only an old bit o' sacking to cover his shame; and behind him a pot-bellied ould sergeant of the *Garda*.

"Well, Conal lets out a yip. 'There's me friends,' says he, 'Go on, then, just *ask* them.'

"Up comes the sergeant. 'Is this man a friend o' yours?'

"Brick nudges me gently. 'Never seen him before in all me life,' says he. 'Have *you*, Blazes?'

"'Never,' says I, nudgin' Corny.

"'Nor I,' says Corny, 'an' begob, if I had, I'd be like to remember him.'

"'Who is it?' says Tim. 'Moby Dick?'

"'Will you stop clownin',' says Conal. 'Can't you see I'm near frozen?'

"'What's the trouble, Sergeant?' says Brick. He gets up and stands beside them. 'D'you want a hand with him to the cells, is it?' He looks at Conal. 'Oh, jay, he's the fat one.'

"'Terrible fat,' says Corny. 'It's a cart we'll be needin'. Where'd he come from?'

"'Back there,' says the sergeant. 'Says the tide washed him up. But he was dry as a bone.'

"'Haven't I told you,' roars Conal, ''twas the wind blew me dry. For the love o' God cover me.'

"'Did y'ever hear the likes of it?' says the sergeant. 'Says he went in for a swim. Now, who would think o' doin' such a thing widout some sort o' costume? 'Tis indacent, sure.'

"'There's just a chance,' I says, 'he's tellin' the truth.'

"Well, the sergeant looks at Conal. 'D'ye persist wid yer tale, is it?'

"But poor Conal's quite speechless. He just stands there an' shivers, an' his teeth clatter like castanets. All he can do is point to the beach.

"So off we set, back along the prom, till we came to the slipway, an' down we go to the beach again: four of us walkin' on the slipway, an' Corny an' Conal down below.

"Not a sign o' the clothes!

"Conal looks up at us, an' the shock brings his speech back. He roars like a buffalo. 'Blazes,' he yells, 'Brick—what have you done with them?'

"'We never touched them,' says I. 'Somebody else must ha' lifted them.' Oh, I could ha' kicked meself, the way that sergeant looks at me then.

"'Oho!' he says, 'Oho! Oho!'

"'And Oho to you,' says Tim O'Hanlon. 'And now we'll just have that verse once more, if you please, and then I really must be off.'

"Well, 'twas the wrong thing to say, d'ye see, and the sergeant near bust himself. He lets out a great bellow. 'I'll have the lot o' yez in.'

"'What for, then?' asks Tim.

"'Resistin' an officer . . . Disturbin' the peace . . . Indacency. . . .'

"'For the love o' God find them,' roars Conal, from below us.

"'Move on,' yells Corny. 'We've got the wrong slipway.'

"Off we go again back to the prom, and down along the prom till we find

the next slipway. The sergeant pants along behind us till we get there, and then suddenly he puts himself in front. Down he goes, over the timbers: Tim, Brick an' meself bringin' up the rear. Conal and Corny have come along by the beach, and they're already there by the time we reach the slipway. Suddenly, back comes another yell from Corny. 'We've found them.'

" 'What's that?' says the sergeant.

" 'Eureka!' says Tim.

" 'Am I, now!' says the sergeant. Ach, I thought he'd explode. 'Well, I'll tell you one thing, now, and that's not two, young feller, 'tis nothin' to what you'll be by the time I get through wid yez. So help me, I'll have yez all in the mush afore this night's through or my name's not O'Shaughnessy.' Out comes his notebook an' pencil. 'Right,' he says, 'names and addresses, then.' An' true to the fine traditions o' the force, he takes a suck at his pencil an' starts rockin' on his heels.

" Well, 'twas the rockin' that did it, then. Backwards an' forwards he goes, up an' down, heel an' toe, feelin' very self-satisfied. Suddenly, he overdoes it a bit. He takes a quick step backwards to recover his balance— an' sure right where he steps there's a plank o' wood missin'. Down into the darkness goes Sergeant O'Shaughnessy, an' there's nothin' can be seen of him at all except for his head an' shoulders stickin' up through the slipway.

" Well, we had hysterics, I tell you. An' the more that he ranted, sure the more did we laugh, an' we stayed there helpless till the other two rejoined us.

" 'Well,' says Brick, 'What'll we do with him, then?'

" 'Throw him in the sea,' says Conal, 'an' I'll pitch you in after him.'

" 'Aaaaahhh,' moans the sergeant, 'Will yez get me out o' this afore I fall an' break me neck.'

" Corny gives a hand, an' they heave the body up. Half-way the sergeant sticks. "'Tis his gut,' says Corny. 'Obtrudin', it is.'

" 'Let go,' says Brick. Back falls the sergeant. 'Now, then, *together*—' Up he comes again, an' again sticks half-way. Five or six times they try it. 'We'll have to abandon him,' says Brick.

" 'Let me have a go,' says the old man-mountain here, an' over he goes to the sergeant. He grabs him by the collar, an' the poor man rolls his eyes. 'Breathe in,' says Conal. 'One, two, three—*hup*!' An' up comes O'Shaughnessy, with his trousers round his knees, an' his shirt-tails a-flappin'."

At this point Blazes stopped short in his tale and took out his snuffbox.

" Is that the end?" I said. " Did he let you go, all right?"

He took a pinch of snuff. " He did not, then. The big gossoon stuffed in his shirt-tails an' followed us up the slipway.

" We went smartly along the prom, with himself bringin' up the rear like the hind legs of a donkey.

" 'Bedad,' says Brick, 'the car! If he sees the number we're done for.'

" We ran for it then, an' the sergeant followed suit. He was but thirty yards behind us by the time we reached the car. 'He's got us,' says Brick—an' begob, but for the great presence o' mind o' Tim O'Hanlon there'd ha' been a court case. We opened the car door —an' up jumped the dog, half crazy from waitin'.

" 'Hup,' says Tim, pullin' out the dog. He points him at the sergeant. 'After him, boy—eat him up.'

" Away goes the dog like a pedigree greyhound. The sergeant stops, lets out a yell, an' turns tail. An' back along the promenade he goes, yellin' like a dervish. An' I never clapped eyes on him from that day to this. . . ."

Blazes sat back, and caught Conal's eye. Together, they began to laugh again: Blazes silently, until tears clouded his eyes; my uncle aloud.

" Hah, 'twould be nice if I could say that that was the end o' the story for me, too, Blazes." My uncle turned to me. " There's a sad endin' to it, I'm afraid." He laughed heartily. " 'Twill make you weep to hear it."

" What happened?"

" Hah, a calamity, it was. I was changin' me clothes the next mornin' when I discovered me wallet was missin' with five pounds in it. I waited till midday, when I thought O'Shaughnessy would be off duty, and I rang up the *Garda* at Brayley. 'Twas the inspector I spoke to.

" 'Ah,' sez he, 'I'm sorry to hear it. I'll be sendin' a man to look for it just as soon as I can spare one. Will you ring back about six, sir? What name?'

" 'Muldoon,' I sez. 'Malachi Muldoon, from Donegal.'

" Well, I rang back at six, just as he told me, and who d'you think was waitin'?"

" The sergeant," I said.

" Full marks. O'Shaughnessy himself, bad cess to him. Sez he: 'What would the wallet be like at all?'

" I described it.

" 'Mister Muldoon, is it?'

" 'That's right.'

" 'Then I'm sorry to disappoint you,' he sez, 'for the wallet is just like you say, but sure there's a letter inside and it's addressed to a Mister Donelin. A Mister Conal Donelin.'

" 'Never heard tell of him,' sez I.

" 'Ah,' sez O'Shaughnessy, 'a pity. We happen to be lookin' for somebody o' that name, d'ye see. It would've helped wid our investigations if ye'd known him. Misfortunately, the wallet got caught by the tide, and the address can't be read at all at all.'

" 'Unfortunate,' sez I, crossin' meself thankfully. 'An' what would you be wantin' him for, now, just as a matter of interest, like?'

" 'Will yez hould on, sor, for just a minute?' Away goes the sergeant, an' comes back rustlin' papers. 'Resistin' Arrest,' he says, 'Assault an' Battery . . . Impedin' an Officer in the Course of His Duty . . . Disturbin' the Peace . . . Committin' a Nuisance . . . Causin' Grievous Bodily Harm . . . Keepin' a Wild Animal Widout a Muzzle . . . Stealin' a Valuable Dog . . . an' Suspicion!'

" 'Begob, sergeant,' I sez, 'he's a bad lot, altogether. 'Tis glad I am I don't know him. Tell me,' I sez, 'just as a matter of interest, now, Sergeant, what happens to property like that wallet if nobody claims it?'

" 'If 'tis still unclaimed at the end o' three months, sor, it becomes the property o' the finder.'

" 'Hah, does it, now?' sez I. 'Well, now, Sergeant, if it's like that, then, I'll tell you one thing an' that's not two, but 'tis my firm belief that you'll never find a claimant for it.'

" 'D'ye tell me so, now? A funny thing, I was thinkin' the same thing meself, sor. Are you sure of it?'

" 'Sure?' I sez. 'So sure I am, now, that if I was you, Sergeant, I wouldn't even bother to wait three months.'

" 'Just what I was thinkin', sor.'

" 'Hah. An' much good may it do you.'

" 'Well, now, sor, thank yez kindly. An' if ever yez do happen to run into a Mister Donelin—a Mister Conal Donelin, that is—just tell him from me to give Brayley a wide berth.' "

My Uncle Conal threw up his great head and laughed. " Begob, Blazes, 'twas years before I set foot in Brayley again."

He looked across at the slipway, something like sadness showing for a moment in his watery blue eyes. The waiter came up with fresh drinks, and, taking up his tankard again, my uncle winked at me. We lifted our glasses.

" To the scene of the crime," he said.

THE END

SLEEP—3

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Teaching in the dark

Continued from page 15

about photo-synthesis had the opposite fault—the script was so simplified that its value as a teaching aid was practically nil."

But experiments run by some universities and education institutes show that children do gain a better grasp of a subject with the help of visual aids, as long as the teaching is of a high standard.

"This is confirmed in practice," says Childs. "Shortly before children from a secondary modern school visited a steelworks at Scunthorpe, they were shown a film about steel production. They were half-prepared for the noise and bustle of the works, and asked questions which surprised their guides. Essays written by the children after the visit were much more informative than essays written by a class which had visited the works the previous year."

Films submitted to Lindsey by film companies for approval are shown to a panel of senior teachers for comments and criticisms before they are bought. Only a film about the reproduction of mammals and a film strip about human reproduction have been withdrawn from circulation after approval by the panel. The film strip was taken out to avoid any chance of controversy following a court case in which it featured in the south of England.

Jack Taylor, a Barton upon Humber headmaster who acts as chairman of the panel, says that children are among the most discerning of critics. When he showed a film about Palestine at the time of Christ, several children objected that the characters in the film were Gentiles acting as Jews. "Children demand authenticity," he says. "I have found, too, that most of them dislike background music."

When a film company proudly finished showing a film about cows and calves to a class of young children in London, they asked the children which parts of the film they had liked best. More than half the replies were, "I liked the little red bus"—a bus which appeared in the background of a scene for two seconds, and which none of the adults at the screening had noticed.

Taylor finds it almost impossible to assess the precise effect of films upon individual children. Recently he showed a film about food hygiene to a class, apparently with little effect. But one girl left school at the end of term to work in a café. The café proprietress told Taylor: "I've never had such a conscientious girl. She's constantly washing her hands, and changes the mustard twice a day."

"I remembered," Taylor says, "a point the film had made—that the cleanliness of a café can be gauged from the state of the mustard pots."

Childs, who is thirty-eight, married, and has a schoolgirl daughter, is constantly seeking to expand the scope of his £500-a-year job. He borrowed a ciné camera, and in three months made a film about Riseholme Institute.

"It involved taking one scene from the edge of a dyke," he says. "I was so engrossed with the camera work that I fell backwards into the dyke, but managed to keep both the camera and the film dry."

LATER Frederick Birkbeck, Director of Education for Lindsey, stood in heavy rain at the Lincolnshire agricultural show and watched the film back-projected on to a screen on Childs's van. "I think the film impressed him," Childs says, "because the education authority soon provided me with a ciné camera of my own."

Childs used it to make two more films, one about hygiene and another which illustrates aspects of work in secondary schools.

Some grammar schools, fearing that the use of films would upset timetables planned to the last second, were slow to accept visual aids. A series of films about atomic physics, which cost the authority £130 to buy, helped to break down their reserve.

At other schools, Childs himself has done his best to convert headmasters to modern methods. When the head of a primary school refused to have the film unit on his premises, Childs talked him into watching a sixty-minute trial show.

The head sat in silence through a programme of short geographical and nature study films. "In desperation," Childs says, "I showed him an eight-minute entertainment film featuring three little bears—a film I normally show at the end of programmes for very young children.

"That did it. The head started to smile, then roared with laughter and capitulated. Now, I can't visit his school often enough." THE END

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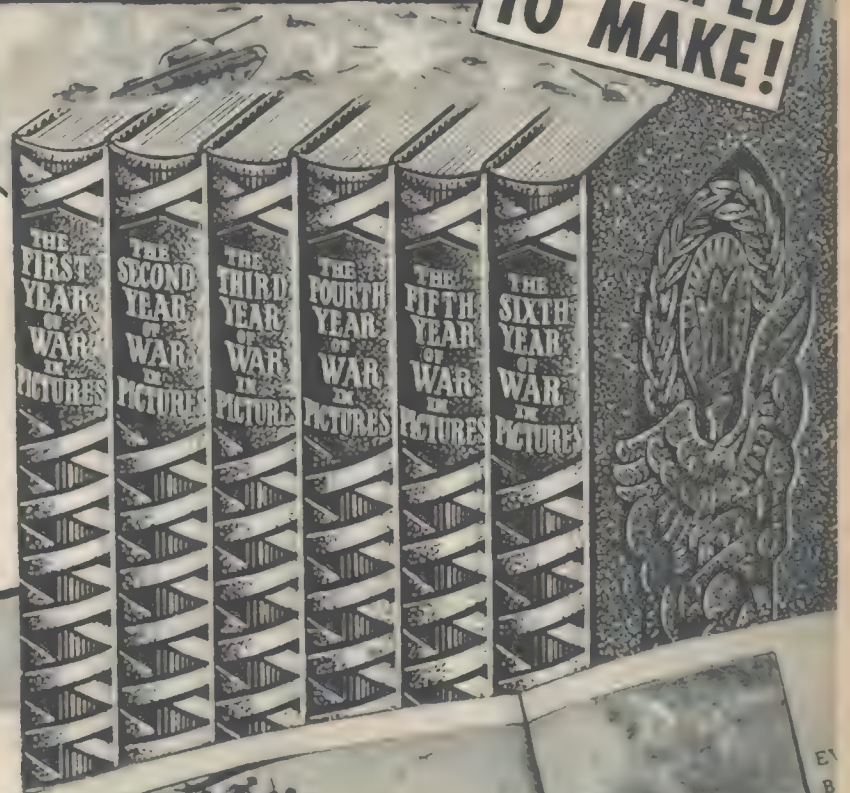
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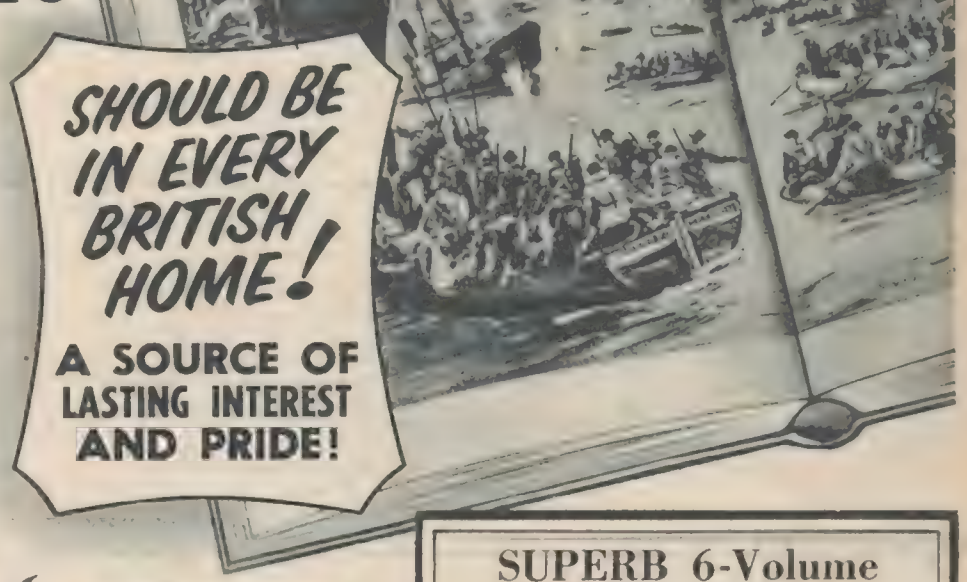

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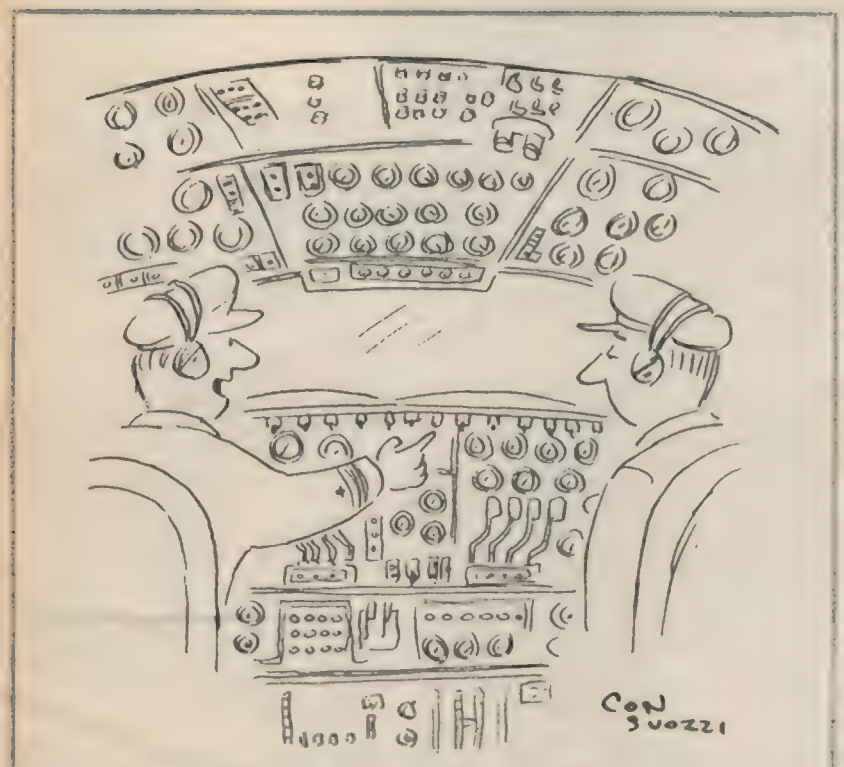

"... and this one is for your electric shaver"

The sledge patrol

Continued from page 18

and question him. He sent some men out to drag in Knudsen's sledge and dispatch the wounded dogs and clear up the mess, and he doubled the guard and allotted posts to his men to make an ambush.

There remained the question of what they should do with Knudsen's body. There was only room for themselves in the hut, and one cannot dig a grave in frozen soil; so they carried it out and put it in a tiny shack built of sods close by.

The next morning, when Marius Jensen came driving down from the pass, thinking about his breakfast, everything was prepared for his reception.

Knudsen's sledge tracks led him to the station, and it never crossed his mind that if Knudsen had gone there the night before it might not be safe to follow. When he saw smoke from the chimney, and a dog team picketed outside, it only made him hope that Knudsen had the frying pan on the fire, and he was within a few yards of the house when German soldiers rose up from the drifts of snow all round him and a warning burst of fire went over his head. There was nothing he could do but stop his dogs and put his hands up. The Germans searched him and took him inside the hut. In exactly the same manner, an hour later, Peter Nielsen drove into the simple trap.

Even the hunters in the sledge patrol, little though they knew of world events, had heard fearsome stories of the ruthlessness of Germans. They had all agreed that the Germans on Sabine Island would be very unlikely to have food or time to spare for prisoners, and if any of them were ever captured they could only expect to be shot.

However, neither Peter nor Marius was cowed by the weapons by which they were surrounded, because neither of them had had anything to eat since the morning before, and not even the prospect of being executed could quite make them forget that they were extremely hungry.

When Peter was dragged in and confronted by Ritter the first thing he said was, "I want some breakfast."

The Germans laughed and he and Marius were given a meagre plateful of dry oatmeal and tinned milk, which was all that the Germans had had to eat themselves.

Afterwards Ritter began to question them. Both of them pretended to be much more stupid than they were, and fell back on the explanation that they were only sledge drivers and hunters and had never been told what was going on in other parts of Greenland.

Suddenly Ritter said: "You know that the house at Eskimoness no longer exists? We burned it down."

He could see that they had not known, but they were not startled into admitting anything. And then Ritter could not help adding, to relieve their anxiety and perhaps to excuse himself: "It was an operation of war. So far as I know, all your friends got safely away."

After an hour or so of interrogation, he left Marius and Peter under guard in the hut and went outside alone.

Some of Ritter's men had noticed that he seemed distraught, and had spoken about it among themselves; and, in fact, the past twelve hours had been a turning point in his life. The shooting of Eli Knudsen and the meeting with Marius and Peter had brought into focus the fears and doubts which so far he had tried to push into the background of his mind, and now he saw himself and what he had done with terrible clarity. By all the standards he had been brought up to

SLEEP—4

One of the best pleasures of the day is the last, the drifting away from consciousness, sinking into sleep.

J. B. Priestley

respect, the killing of Knudsen was a crime and a sin, and it seemed to him that no consideration of politics could excuse it. Of course it had been an accident, but the crime lay in having brought weapons of war to the Arctic and having threatened a harmless hunter with them. The Danes and Norwegians and Eskimos had a right to their harmless existence in Greenland, and he and his men were the invaders and aggressors and disturbers of the ancient Arctic peace. But all he could think of to do was to make one definite resolution: he would not allow this crime to be repeated.

Sandodden had become a hateful place for him, and he gave orders to journey on. The Germans harnessed their dogs and drove away, taking their prisoners with them, and peace and quietness settled again on this scene of violence. The remains of Knudsen were left lying in the shack beside the hut; they still lie there today.

The Germans had captured every single dog which had been at Eskimoness, except the ones they had shot, and part of Knudsen's team from Ella Island too. They now had the makings of eight teams, and so they could only take them all back to Sabine Island if they let Peter and Marius drive one each. Ritter divided this cavalcade into two parties for the rest of the journey, and sent Peter with the first while he and Marius travelled with the second.

Before they left Sandodden, Ritter had Marius and Peter brought before him.

"I want you to be quite clear about this," he said, speaking sternly. "If either one of you gives trouble on the journey, or tries to escape or to give any help in any way to this commander of yours, Poulsen, then the other one will be punished."

HOWEVER, Ritter took the sting out of this threat for Marius by giving him back his old dog team, the one he had lost at Cape Wynn. Marius was surprised at this quite unexpectedly sympathetic gesture, and rather suspected that there might be a catch in it; but he was very glad to see his dogs again, and they were glad to see him.

After Peter and the first three men had gone, something else happened which helped to raise Marius's spirits. Ritter told two Germans of the second party to start. They both called to their dogs to go, and set off with a practised air. After a few seconds, one team caught sight of the other and at once the two orderly teams disintegrated into a tangled mass of snapping, yelping dogs, the sledges collided and overturned and one of the most comprehensive dog-fights even Marius had seen was under way.

The two German drivers, mixed up in it at first, extracted themselves and hovered on the fringes of the mob. Ritter and Marius watched them in silence for a while and then Ritter said: "Go and sort them out."

Marius ran to the sledges and waded in and laid about him with an expert hand, and very quickly the dogs understood his bad language and recognized that this was somebody who knew what he was doing, and they separated, panting and pleased with themselves.

To discover that the Germans were far from efficient at the all-important art of driving dogs immediately restored Marius's self-confidence, and he began at once to think about escaping.

Marius and Ritter and their party caught up with Peter and the others when they all came to Germania Harbour. There Peter and Marius were left under guard, while Ritter and most of the Germans went on to the base which Marius now knew for certain was hidden in Hansa Bay.

For Marius and Peter, a most curious kind of imprisonment began. The hut was small, and the guard had no option but to live on terms of equality with the prisoners. Of course the guard and prisoners soon began to find that they had a lot of interests in common. One of them was hunting. One morning, when they saw a bear on the ice some distance away, the hunting instinct got the better of them all.

One of the Germans came up to Marius and said, "You are more likely to get the bear than we are," and he handed him a rifle.

So Marius had the unusual experience of stalking the bear while a German with a sub-machine gun, at a discreet distance behind, stalked him. He shot the bear, but it was on one of the stretches of thin ice which are found off the south of Sabine Island. The ice broke, and the dead bear fell through and they lost it. They all grieved together over this bit of bad luck.

But although their captivity was quite comfortable and even had its enjoyable moments, and their expectation of a firing squad soon faded, Peter and Marius plotted from the very beginning to get away. Now that Eskimoness did not exist, the only place they could escape to was Ella Island, two hundred miles away, and so it was no use escaping at all without a sledge and a rifle. The whole problem was how to steal or otherwise extract these things from the Germans.

The essence of all the plans that

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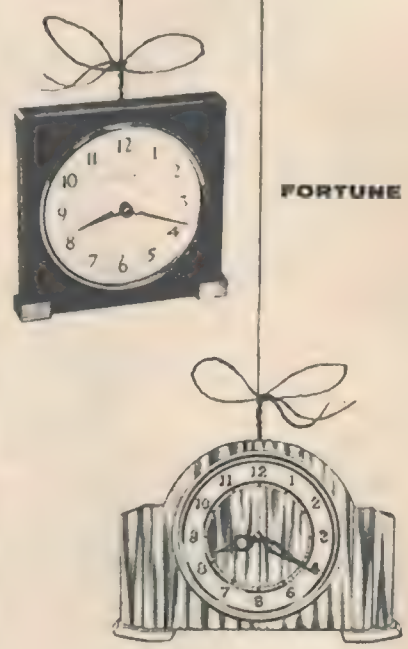

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WHY?

As the train pulled to a standstill at the peaceful country station and a porter called out "Ditchton," elderly Mr. Baxter stirred from his corner seat and prepared to alight.

He was in a hurry to get home, and immediately the train stopped he opened the door. He was about to put his foot down on the platform when the train moved backwards. He was thrown to the ground and seriously injured.

Subsequently, he sued the railway authorities.

"Unfortunately, when the train first stopped at the station, the driver had overshot the platform," explained the authorities' counsel. "He was backing in order to bring the train more into line with the platform, so that passengers in the front compartments could alight."

"That is no excuse," replied Baxter's lawyer. "The authorities are guilty of negligence. The law is that if a train stops at a station and a railway official invites passengers to alight, they are entitled to rely on that invitation."

But Baxter lost his case.

WHY? *A lawyer explains the judge's ruling on page 42*

Marius thought of was to get Peter away first. He set to work to implant in the Germans' minds, just in case it should come in useful, the idea that even if Peter were let loose with a sledge and all he wanted, he would never be able to get to Ella Island alone. He said Peter had never been south of Eskimoness and was notorious for having no sense of direction.

Between them, in the course of a few days, Marius and Peter thought out a naïve and simple scheme.

Ritter, in those few days, was at Hansa Bay. He did not give Schmidt much chance to express his feelings, if he had any, about the death of Knudsen; but he expected some sign of approval of the burning of Eskimoness. But Schmidt did not seem to approve.

Ritter realized anew that Schmidt had already condemned him in his own mind. Burning down the house had done no good. If he had left it standing, the Nazis would have blamed him for neglect of duty; because he had burned it, they regarded his act as an unnecessary provocation of the Danes. Whatever he had done, and whatever he did in future, it would be wrong in Nazi eyes, and they would be able to twist it into another ground for accusation.

Therefore, he could give up any efforts to appease them. At last, he could give up looking at everything he did with a view to defending it in a court in Germany, because he was convinced at last that when his trial came, as he supposed it must, he was certain to be condemned.

The first of the problems which he faced with this new outlook was the problem of his prisoners. On the journey, he had admired Marius's expert handling of his dogs, though he had been careful not to show it, and he had thought how extremely useful it would be to have a first-class sledge driver to teach his own men. With eight teams and enough competent men to drive them, he could have moved all his men and enough food and equipment to keep them alive, and perhaps even the radio transmitters and meteorological apparatus; and so they might have been able to dodge the American bombing which he still expected day by day, and even hold out till the thaw came and his ship, the Sachsen, was unfrozen. With this idea half-formed in his mind, he went back to Germania Harbour and spoke to Marius.

"Look here, are you willing to teach some of my men how to handle the dogs, and act as a kind of pilot for us?"

Marius shook his head. "No, I am not willing."

But he used the opportunity of this talk with Ritter to try the plan which he and Peter had thought out.

"You left Knudsen's body in that hut," he said. "It is not right. He should be properly buried, with stones piled over him. Will you not let Peter take a dog team and go back to Sandodden to do this?"

Ritter refused, and they parted without having settled anything.

When Ritter got back to Hansa Bay, he thought over what Marius had suggested. He thought that if he let Peter go as far as Sandodden he would probably try to escape, and he suspected that Peter could not be quite so incompetent as Marius had pretended.

The question was whether it really mattered if he escaped or not. Prisoners of war are always more or less of a liability to their captors, and the only reason for keeping them in captivity is to stop them fighting again. Even if Peter got away, and succeeded in getting to Ella Island and was fitted up with a new rifle when he got there, one rifleman hundreds of miles away would only make a negligible difference to the strength of an opposition which included the American air force. On the other hand, as long as he stayed where he was he had to be guarded, if only for form's sake, and he ate a man's ration of food.

A day or two later Ritter and Marius had another meeting. By then each of them had decided in his own mind to make a bargain; and in the upshot, Marius agreed to pilot Ritter on a reconnaissance northwards towards Hochstetter Foreland, and Ritter agreed in return to let Peter go to Sandodden.

"When you have done what you want to do with Knudsen's burial-place, you will wait there," he ordered, "until a party of my men arrives."

When Schmidt and the other Nazis heard of these plans, their feelings ran high. But Ritter shrugged his shoulders, and did not bother to tackle the hopeless task of trying to explain his reasoning; he merely pretended that, as he had told Peter to stay at Sandodden, he expected his order to be obeyed. Schmidt thought he was being a credulous fool. But by then Schmidt and Ritter never spoke to each other if they could help it, and the question was not discussed between them.

At about this time, Dr. Weiss, the meteorologist, put forward a plan of his own.

"Let me make an attack on the station at Ella Island," he asked Ritter. "I will take Dr. Sensse and a few of the best of the German sledge drivers, and drive right down there. It will be quite simple to do there as you did at Eskimoness—put the place out of action as a weather station."

Ritter agreed gladly, for one of the men Weiss wanted to take was Schmidt. The journey would take several weeks: for the base, it promised weeks of peace from internal strife.

So preparations were started for three journeys from Sabine Island. Peter was given a small team of six dogs, and enough provisions to take him to Sandodden and keep him there for a few days. Ritter was preparing to travel with Marius on his reconnaissance northward; and Weiss and Sensse, with Schmidt and two others unknown to Marius or Peter, were fitting out sledges for an attack on Ella Island. Peter was the first of them to start.

This was how it had come about that Peter came driving down the way to Ella Island alone, and caught up with Henry Rudi and Kurt Olsen on their weary journey through Musk Ox Fiord. He had been to Sandodden, and hastily grubbed up stones and heaped them over the shack where Knudsen lay, and he had exchanged the sledge which the Germans had given him for a lighter one which had been left there; and he had set off again without wasting a minute.

For Henry and Kurt, his arrival saved the situation. They all went on together, taking turns to ride on Peter's sledge, but giving the lion's share of the rides to Henry.

Meanwhile, at Ella Island there was still no news of what had become of them, and Poulsen's anxiety was increasing day by day. He had had to put off his plan to go north to look for the missing men. When Eske Brun had received the first brief news of the capture of Eskimoness, he ordered the senior man in the sledge patrol at Scoresby Sound to go north at full speed to Ella to give what help he could, and to take with him all the forces he could muster.

Poulsen now heard by radio that this man, whose name was Ziebell, was already well on the way, and had rounded up eight sledges driven by Eskimo volunteers. It was only common sense for Poulsen to wait for these reinforcements.

Ziebell was always unruffled and humorous, and had the civilized and urbane point of view which was appropriate to a man from Scoresby Sound. He was also, for what it was worth, the only other officer in the Greenland Army.

"I have new orders from Eske Brun," he told Poulsen when he arrived. "As soon as everybody possible has been gathered in to Ella Island, we are all to retreat to Scoresby Sound to defend the settlement."

This was another blow to Poulsen's self-esteem, but he had to admit that, like all the governor's orders, it was a matter of common sense, for Scoresby Sound, with its homesteads and radio station and peaceful people, was the only place on the coast which was really worth defending.

Two days later Peter, Henry and Kurt came driving in to Ella, all on Peter's sledge.

Peter brought Poulsen a tremendous amount of news: the first news that Eskimoness had been burned down after it was captured, the news of Eli Knudsen's death and his own and Marius's capture, and above all the first definite confirmation that the German base was in Hansa Bay, and a fairly accurate idea of the number of men in it and the kind of armament they had. Poulsen now ordered everyone at Ella Island, except Ziebell to go to Scoresby

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Sound. He and Ziebell stayed behind to cover the retreat.

This was nearly a week after Poulsen had finished his walk. Because he was young and remarkably healthy, none of his sores had gone gangrenous and most of them had healed already. The ghastly muddle and confusion of the last few days was sorted out at last, and with good dogs and one reliable companion Poulsen felt that he could cope with anything that could happen at Ella Island. The only man he was very worried about was Marius Jensen, still in the Germans' hands. . . .

Marius himself was not very seriously worried, but he was puzzled. On that same day he was right up on Hochstetter Foreland, three hundred miles from the nearest of his friends, alone with the German commander; and he could not understand why the German had taken him there, or what he was looking for so far to the northward.

Quite possibly Ritter himself, on that day, could not have explained what had made him take his prisoner, without any of his own men, on that journey so far into the perfect desolation of the ultimate north-east.

When he started, he had had a definite objective: to investigate the hunting stations within reach of Sabine Island, and to see if any of them could house his men and his equipment in case they had to move from Hansa Bay. But something strange had happened as soon as he got away from Hansa Bay and its sordid atmosphere of mistrust. Suddenly, as if he had woken from a nightmare, he felt free again.

HE and Marius travelled across the upheaval of the pressure ice to the north of Sabine Island, and out over Hochstetter Bay till the tops of the hills of Sabine sank at last below the south horizon, and they entered tremendous tracts of fiord and ice and mountain which only a few men have ever seen.

Neither of them spoke very much on their journey, even at night in huts or in the tent, when the dogs had been fed and the two men cooked and ate together and shared the chores and slept within an arm's length of each other. But when they spoke, Marius spoke Danish and Ritter Norwegian.

Ritter felt that in those blessedly impersonal surroundings, he could be himself again, the man he had been born and brought up to be; for the man he had become, the Ritter who had plotted and burned and laid a lethal trap for a hunter, seemed a stranger he could hardly recognize.

In this curiously twisted frame of mind, Ritter had a single mad desire: to go on north, away from Sabine Island and away from humanity, to travel on and on across the endless ice which stretched unbroken to the North Pole and beyond it.

If a doctor had been watching Ritter in the first days of that pilgrimage, he might have diagnosed a nervous breakdown; but Marius could never possibly have guessed the stresses which had forced his captor to the edge of a temporary madness. He saw that the German commander was unpredictable in his decisions and very often inclined to change his mind.

Once Ritter asked him: "Is it possible to travel right up to the north of Greenland? And then down to Baffin Island and Hudson's Bay?"

But Marius hardly took the question seriously.

"Two men and one sledge?" he said. "No, it's impossible."

For about ten days this ill-matched but strangely congenial pair drove aimlessly here and there about the huts in the distant north, which were deserted since Peter had left the district. Marius began to get a little impatient at the delay of his plans to escape.

There was no lack of chances to escape. As the escort of a prisoner, Ritter was being completely careless, but Marius could not bring himself to take advantage of him. He had promised to drive him on this journey, in return for permission for Peter to go to Sandodden, and he could not break

"You mean to say your wife wants you to go shopping — in weather like this?"

his promise. They only had one sledge between them. Ritter had one rifle and one revolver, and Marius had none. To journey south again, the sledge and the rifle were essential. Marius could have stolen the rifle and shot Ritter, or driven the sledge away, and left Ritter there to starve, but it never seriously occurred to him to do it.

But although the sudden shock of freedom had been the final cause which almost pushed Ritter over the edge of reason, freedom was also his cure. Slowly, as the perfectly peaceful days passed by, he began to think in a balanced way again, and to remember that he still had more to do than to die or to run away.

He intended to find somewhere safe for his men to shelter while the Americans bombed Hansa Bay, or at least somewhere for survivors to retire to if the expected bombing entirely destroyed the base and made it uninhabitable.

Suddenly and inconsequently, about April 12, he realized how much time he had already wasted in his search, and he came abruptly to his senses and was filled with remorse.

"Turn round," he abruptly ordered Marius, "and drive south."

They went down by way of the Kuppel Pass without going to Hansa Bay; and then, avoiding Sandodden with its sinister memories and its frozen corpse still lying in the outhouse, they turned inland and went to Revet. Then Ritter directed Marius farther south, into the mouth of Loch Fyne.

All through this rapid southward journey, Marius still held his hand and made no effort to escape, but now his reason was a new one: there was no point in escaping from Ritter so long as Ritter ordered him to drive at top speed in the direction in which he wanted to go.

As they went down Loch Fyne, the weather began to break. Among the mountains of Loch Fyne and Hold With Hope a strong wind was blowing and heavy snow was falling. At the head of the loch, Ritter at last told Marius where he was heading, and ordered him to press on to Mosquito Bay, the last hunting station within range of Sabine Island as a possible retreat.

They were quite close to the hut before Marius saw it through the driven snow. He saw dogs outside and recognized them; and he cursed himself for having left his escape too late, for they were dogs which the Germans had captured.

As he and Ritter drove up to the house, it was Schmidt, with a submachine gun in his hand, who made them welcome.

Dr. Weiss and Schmidt and their party, on their way to make their attack on Ella Island, had been stormbound in the house at Mosquito Bay for nearly a week.

"What are you doing here?" asked Schmidt suspiciously.

The others seemed puzzled rather than suspicious.

"You told us you had left Sabine Island to go in exactly the opposite direction," they said.

All Ritter did was mumble something vague.

In the house at Mosquito Bay that night, suspicion smouldered and enmity was on the verge of breaking into violence; and Marius, the prisoner, was probably the only one of the men there who was more or less unmoved by what was happening—simply because he could not understand the Germans' conversation.

Ritter, imprisoned by the storm in the little house with the man he believed was the author of all his problems, the man of whom he was mortally afraid, tried to defend himself by silence, by only offering the vaguest explanation of what he had been doing and why he had decided to come south.

This vagueness can only have added to Schmidt's suspicion. No doubt the possibility entered his mind that Ritter had been planning to desert. But Ritter told him that now he had seen Mosquito Bay he was satisfied and meant to drive back to Sabine; and as a matter of fact that was true. Whether Schmidt believed the statement or not, it suited him to accept it for the present.

Yet another subject of disagreement came to a head that night: by now they all knew that Peter had escaped.

"It looks very much," said Schmidt acidly, "as though you have let this simple Arctic hunter make a fool of you."

Ritter could do nothing but swallow the insult.

It was on that night of bitter suppressed dissension that Marius first learned for certain that Weiss and the others intended an attack on Ella Island. They asked him, through Ritter as interpreter, which was the best route for them to take, the short way across the open ice, or the way back through Musk Ox Fiord.

"Back through Musk Ox Fiord," he said at once. "The open sea ice is getting dangerous now."

Ritter passed on the advice and persuaded them to accept it; and when the weather cleared they harnessed up and set off together up the valley, leaving Ritter and Marius to prepare for their journey back to Hansa Bay.

When Marius had first encountered the Germans, he had been slow in his reactions, but a fortnight of plotting in captivity had sharpened his wits. He knew there would be loose deep snow in Musk Ox Fiord, and he knew in the split second when the Germans asked his advice that he had it in his power to thwart them.

It worked: the four inexperienced drivers, who had come down Hold With Hope to Mosquito Bay without much trouble, found it a very different matter to go up, after a week of fresh snowfall and wind.

Their sledges bogged down and the dogs floundered on their bellies in the snow and could not find a foothold. The sledges were heavily laden, with more food and equipment than more experienced travellers would have carried, and with machine guns, ammunition and hand grenades. The drivers sweated and heaved on the sledges themselves. When at last they had crossed the stretch of land, they found that Musk Ox Fiord was worse.

A warm wind called the *föhn*, which sometimes mysteriously blows down from the ice cap, was sweeping through the funnel of the fiord. The Germans found slush and salt water on the ice. Two days later they were still only halfway down the fiord. They must have been angry and, because Ritter had given them the advice to go that way, they must have blamed him for their delays.

IN Mosquito Bay, an hour after the others were out of sight, Ritter was baking bread in preparation for the journey back to Sabine Island.

Absorbed in this task, and unthinking, he said to Marius, "You can go out and feed the dogs."

Outside, Marius saw what he had hoped for. Ritter had left his rifle on the sledge. Marius took it, and saw that it was loaded, and crept back to the window of the house and looked in. Ritter was standing with his back to him, kneading dough.

Marius went to the door, with his finger on the trigger. Ritter heard him and looked over his shoulder, and saw and understood, and made a movement towards a cupboard on his right; but his hands were covered thick in sticky dough and he knew he was caught. Marius glanced in the direction of his movement and saw the revolver lying on top of the cupboard.

"Stand still!" he said to Ritter, and he edged over to the cupboard, covering Ritter, and got the revolver, too.

Ritter stood scraping the dough from his fingers.

There had never been much need for conversation between these men: there was not much now.

All Ritter said was, "What are you going to do?" and he probably knew the answer.

"I'm going to Ella Island," Marius said. "Across the sea ice."

NEXT WEEK: Marius risks his life for an enemy

WHY?

See page 41

BECAUSE, said the judge, when the porter called out the name of the station that was not, in itself, an "invitation to alight."

(*This ruling is based on actual cases*)

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Britain's Wealth	A Bad Egg
Milk-and-water Policy	Blissfully
More Cake	Lush And Inviting
Woke Up The Lion	The TV Drug
Economy's Vital, But	On The Five-thirty
Tranquillizer Pill	Sweet Little Cherub
To Punish Sonny	Rumpus At The Local
A Mouse Appeared And	When Dad Cooked Dinner
If Only She'd Thought	Common Property
Flew Off The Handle	In The Firelight's Glow

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

.....Of The Earth	A Beastly .....
Going.....	In.....'s Clutches
The.....Time	Like A Big.....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

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2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 16), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, Nov. 2, for early news of No. 2,112 result.)

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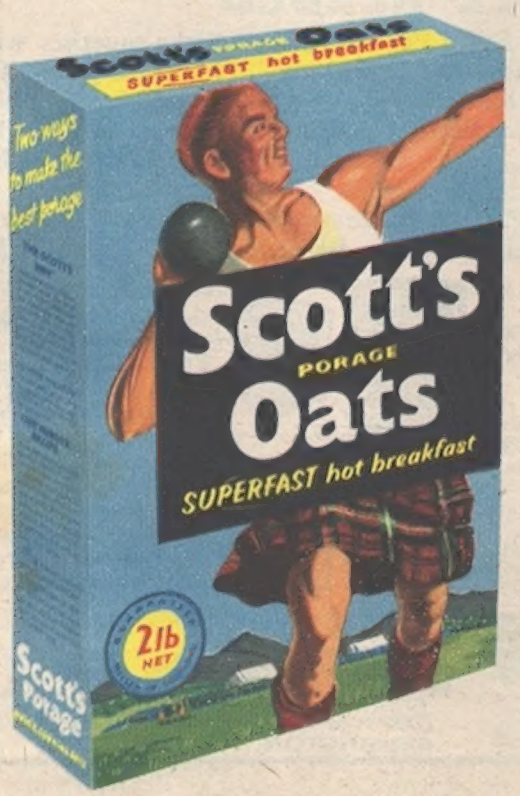

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